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March 5, 1983 $1.25; U.K. 65p

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EDITORIAL

TOXIC REAGANISM

No paper shredder yet devised by man or bureaucrat can destroy the evidence of the Reagan Administration's wanton disregard of the public's health and safety as it presses a lethal campaign to enlarge corporate profits. The campaign is called "deregulation," and it is an irreplaceable leg of the triad that supports the Republicans' battle plan for the economy—the other legs being tax relief for the upper brackets and unbridled growth of the military budget. Now the consequences of those three attacks are clear: unemployment and impoverishment, militarization and the poisoning of America.

The tussle over the operation of the Environmental Protection Agency and the performances of its leading ladies, Anne McGill Gorsuch Burford and Rita Lavelle, is a diverting sideshow to the grim drama of polluters versus people. But favoritism for friendly toxic waste disposers (the topic of the current dispute) is only symptomatic, at most, of the deep failure of will at the heart of the system: the Administration is simply opposed to all measures that give environmental control priority over corporate license.

Since Reaganomics became the state religion, the Administration has loosened controls on water and air pollution; it has sought to liberalize all the regulations governing nuclear power plants and waste disposal; it has virtually halted action against acid rain; it has sabotaged every agency charged with protecting the public.

Reparations for the survivors and compensation for the wounded of "Reagan's War" on public health and safety (such as last week's $33 million buy-out of Times Beach, Missouri, by the E.P.A.) are soothing but hardly remedial. What we need now is an antiwar movement against the President's deadly policies, before deregulation allows profits to metastasize to such an extent that they choke us all.

JUDGE-MADE NEWS
The Editors

I.N.F. TALKS
Eric R. Alterman

NIGERIA: RUNNING DRY
Jean Herskovits

BEYOND THE FREEZE
Sidney Lens

U.S. NAVAL BUILDUP
James A. Nathan

TILTING WITH 'DON QUIXOTE'
Ronald De Feo

AMERICA'S HOMELESS

THREE DAYS DOWN AND OUT IN CHICAGO

COLMAN McCARTHY

Chicago

My spiritual counselor at the Pacific Garden Mission, fingering an opened Bible on his desk, told me he was going to ask the most important question a person will ever have to answer in his life. In a hushed voice, he said, "If you were to die tonight, where would you go?"

Suppressing the irreverent remarks that immediately came to mind, I made a politic reply: "I'm not sure." How many people die in this place, I wondered.

The Pacific Garden Mission is one of the largest facilities for the homeless in Chicago, and it provides lodging and food in sparse portions to an increasingly large number of people. Since it is run by a group of evangelical sects—in the waiting room there is a photograph of the Rev. Billy Sunday—those seeking a cot for the night, as I was, must first be "counseled in the Bible."

My counselor, an earnest and well-meaning man in a pin-striped suit, told me he deals with all kinds of people, from bums to engineers and lawyers. After twenty minutes of religiosity, sugared with frequent Jesus-loves-us smiles, he homed in: Wasn't it time I turned away from sin? I'm ready, I answered.

I was also bushed, although it was only my first day of the three I would spend among the homeless in Chicago. Three days and nights among the loners and losers of this city—shallow slumming. And my poverty was strictly voluntary. I have a family, job and home.

But one's initiation into poverty comes quickly. Only minutes after checking my wallet, my press card and other trappings of middle-class life in a locker at the Greyhound terminal, I felt

(Continued on Page 271)

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LETTERS.

HUSH UP YOUR FREUD

Minneapolis

Unlike Lesley Hazleton, who reviewed Bruno Bettelheim's latest apologia for Freud ["Brush Up Your German," *The Nation*, Feb. 12], knowledgeable feminists do not view Freud and his enamored disciples as the least bit "inspiring." While he produced some acute insights into the worst in *men*, his prattle about "vaginal orgasms," his cavalier dismissal of widespread sexual abuse of female children as mere "fantasies" and his gross caricature of women as anatomical and psychological inferiors with an inborn and voracious appetite for pain and suffering have indeed caused "real and incalculable damage to the female sex," as Susan Brownmiller puts it. More misleading panegyrics only help to perpetuate that damage.

If *The Nation* feels that it must continue to review still more effusions of this kind from still more devout followers, why not select a reviewer whose critical faculties have not been wholly numbed through excessive exposure to the ineffable glory of the Master's immortal prose? After all, "critics" are *supposed* to criticize at least *a little bit*, aren't they? *Audrey M. Patton*

HAZLETON REPLIES

New York City

Have you no soul? People who think in terms of dogma assume that others do the same. One can appreciate what is worthwhile in Freud without necessarily being a disciple.

Lesley Hazleton

DEFENDING 'SOVIETICUS'

Baton Rouge, La.

Recent attacks on "Sovieticus" in letters to *The Nation* [Dec. 18, 1982, Jan. 22 and Feb. 26] prompt these words on behalf of Stephen F. Cohen from a professor of history who lived and studied in Moscow and Leningrad twice between 1971 and 1980.

Readers of *The Nation* might be surprised, in light of criticisms of the column from the pro-Soviet left, to learn that Cohen's historical research has tended to undercut traditional anti-Communist dogma. His superb biography of Bukharin, *Bukharin and the Bolshevik Revolution*, an essential textbook for any serious student of Soviet politics, helped to recast the scholarly debate on the 1920s by advancing the thesis that Stalin's monstrous perversion of the socialist ideal was not the inevitable result of the Bolshevik autocracy created by Lenin and Trotsky.

Precisely because the wry and perceptive "Sovieticus" deftly highlights new trends in Soviet life, it cannot avoid disturbing the outworn illusions of both staunch anti-Communists and well-meaning pro-Soviet Americans. In my opinion, *The Nation* performs a great public service by sharing Cohen's rare expertise with its readers.

Thomas C. Owen
Louisiana State University

'HATS OFF' TO ROPER

Nashville, Ind.

Christopher Roper's article "Microcomputers and the Left" [*The Nation*, Feb. 5] was music to my ears. We live in rural southern Indiana and have been exploring the ever-increasing benefits microcomputing can produce in our two small businesses, our children's home education, a potential buyers' cooperative as well as our individual endeavors. We get very little support for our interests from our peers.

Hats off to Roper's suggestion that those on the left "get their hands on computers, familiarize themselves with their uses and limitations, and prepare themselves for the inevitable changes ahead." It's time to stop crying "enemy" whenever the discussion turns to computers! *Cynthia Schultz*

ROPER'S HIGH-TECH HYPE

Berkeley, Calif.

Christopher Roper's lament about the left's hostility toward computers makes me wonder if he's permanently rooted to his keyboard. He is apparently unaware that dozens of political and community groups are both using microcomputers and discussing their social impact.

Could it be that the "freedom to live outside the city" bestowed upon Roper by his Apple II has actually isolated him from these developments and discussions? Is it possible that microcomputer-based teleworking, teleshopping and telestudying will strand us in a cybernetic web and further shrink the sphere of public interaction? Roper addresses neither this particular potential of computer technology nor the problems that computers often bring to any organization. He also ignores the military feats made possible by microelectronics, the privatization of public information and the further penetration of the marketplace into the home by videotext technology.

Roper does acknowledge some problems—surveillance, increased control of the workplace, a world divided into information haves and have-nots—but only to dismiss them: "All these charges ignore the introduction of cheap microcomputers." I don't see how arming ourselves with Apples can banish or even mitigate these dangers. Will the government stop listening in on overseas phone calls out of fear that radicals with desktop computers are eavesdropping on the eavesdroppers? Will workers with personal computers be able to measure the pace of their bosses' labor and thus control it?

It's certainly possible to imagine other social systems in which the liberating potential of computer technology might be realized. It may also be true that computers can help us alter the status quo. But it's easy to be seduced by a technical fix that promises all things to all people. For example, the microcomputer-aided decentralization that Roper is pushing may not be as liberating as it seems. As an analogy, consider transportation technology. Given the internal combustion engine, society had the choice between cheap, fast and convenient public transportation and the private car. We got the latter, of course—the decentralized option, please note. Yet a car in every garage hasn't exactly freed us from the multinationals.

Similarly, Roper suggests that "networks of decentralized units" using computers will replace hierarchical forms of organization, thus fostering greater participation in the control of society. Actually, it is as likely that computers will help us achieve greater participation in our own alienation. . . .

Roper ends his article with an ode to the creativity of the "ferociously competitive marketplace." What's new here? The high-tech sector may seem unique, but that's because it's the only expanding sector of the economy right now. Capitalist development has always proceeded in stages: competition, shakeout, concentration. The personal-computer industry is fast becoming indistinguishable from what Roper characterizes as the "orderly markets of advanced capitalist societies."

While microcomputers are still seen as miracles and the microcomputer industry retains its vitality, the former will be presented as public relations for the wonderful world of technology and the latter as a reassurance that capitalism isn't yet moribund. Too bad that Christopher Roper, under the banner of greater efficiency in the left-wing office, is helping to push these illusions.

Marcy Darnovsky
Journal of Community Communications

CORRECTIONS

"The Old New Deal Wars" [editorial, Feb. 26] incorrectly cited the new book *Beyond the Hiss Case* (Temple University Press). This collection of essays, including one by Kenneth O'Reilly, was edited by Athan G. Theoharis.

The rate of growth of household olds headed by poor women was understated in Barbara Ehrenreich's "After the Breadwinner Vanishes" [Feb. 26]. Their number is increasing by 150,000 a year.

In "The Chicago Boys Flunk Out in Chile" [James Petras, Feb. 19], the wrong date was given for Gen. Augusto Pinochet's seizure of power. He did so in 1973.

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The Nation is available on microfilm from: University Microfilms, 300 North Zeeb Rd., Ann Arbor, MI 48106.

Publisher, Hamilton Fish 3rd

Associate Publisher, David Parker; *Advertising Manager,* Carole Kraemer; *Business Manager,* Ann B. Epstein; *Bookkeeper,* Gertrude Silverston; *Art/Production Manager,* Jane Sharples; *Subscription Manager,* Stephen W. Soule; *Director of Development and Publicity,* Laurie Lipper; *Circulation Assistant,* Patty Peltekos; *Classified,* Virginia Cannon; *Receptionist,* Greta Loell; *Mail Clerk,* John Holtz; *Administrative Secretary,* Shirley Sulat; *Nation Associates,* Claudine Bacher; *Nation News Service,* Jeff Sorensen.

The Nation (ISSN 0027-8378) is published weekly (except for the first week in January, and biweekly in July and August) by Nation Enterprises and © 1982 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10011. Tel.: 212-242-8400. *Subscription Mail Address:* Nation Subscription Service, P.O. Box 1953, Marion, Ohio 43305. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. International Telex: 667 155 NATION.

Regular Subscription Price: One year, $35; two years, $65; six months, $17.50. Add $7 per year postage Canada, Mexico; $13 per year other foreign. All foreign subscriptions must be paid in equivalent U.S. funds. Claims for missed issues must be made within 60 days of publication date; back issues available $3 prepaid ($4 foreign). **Please allow 6-8 weeks for receipt of your first issue and for all subscription transactions.** Subscription orders, changes of address and all subscription inquiries should be sent to: *The Nation,* Subscription Services, P.O. Box 1953, Marion, Ohio 43305.

EDITORIALS.

Send in the Awacs

The American hit squad, dispatched to the Gulf of Sidra and points east to thwart Libyan designs on the Sudan, has completed its daring raid and has melted into the Mediterranean night. The four Awacs flown to Egypt for "training purposes" for the weekend crisis have returned to their base in Oklahoma. The Sudanese regime of President Gaafar al-Nimeiry remains untoppled. And President Reagan (to adapt Secretary of State Shultz's remark about Colonel Qaddafi) "is back in his box where he belongs."

But what was *that* all about? This latest in a series of bizarre confrontations between the United States and Libya (remember the spurious Libyan hit squad and the 1981 dogfight over Sidra?) seems more setup than showdown. It began when the State Department claimed that American surveillance planes and satellites had detected Libyan military activity near the Sudanese border, and that Egypt—which is allied with the Sudan—had asked for American support. Secretary Shultz said the aircraft carrier Nimitz and the Awacs were being sent to stop the Libyan advance in the Sahara. But then President Reagan denied it all; he said there was no "naval movement of any kind" and the Awacs were already in Egypt, "for quite some time." Somebody was misspeaking, to say the least.

The wildly disparate accounts were never really reconciled, but in the meantime, a "senior Administration official," that old anonymous friend of the press, said that F-14 fighters from the Nimitz had engaged "unfriendly" Libyan MIG-23s and had chased them away from the carrier. Then

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a delegation from the Pentagon turned up in Cairo on an undisclosed, but apparently crisis-related, mission. One news report had the Awacs filling the Saharan skies with data about the Libyans below; but a "senior White House official" turned intelligence into confusion again by denying that the planes had anything to do with the Nimitz, or the "Libyan threat."

In fact, the threat was exceedingly farfetched. While the Sudanese and Libyan regimes have been swiping at each other for years, the placement of less than two dozen Libyan planes in a corner of its own country more than 200 miles from the Sudanese capital of Khartoum hardly signaled an imminent invasion. Moreover, the Egyptian Army—the largest force in Africa—stands ready to defend Nimeiry against any real threat. And Egyptian President Mubarak seemed even less concerned about the state of affairs than President Reagan. Mubarak said he knew of no crisis to his south, and furthermore he did not ask for Awacs—or any other support.

As the long holiday weekend waned, more unnamed senior officials began leaking the inside story of the affair. They said that the Nimitz's mission was to provoke an attack by Libyan planes, which would give the Americans an excuse to destroy Qaddafi's entire air force in the air and on the ground. If the provocation failed, the Nimitz would withdraw and Shultz could announce, "mission accomplished." As an added attraction, the Awacs were supposed to dazzle the Egyptians and encourage Mubarak to grant the United States bases for the Rapid Deployment Force.

What the senior sources did not say, however, was that this absurd episode in the international soap opera President Reagan calls a foreign policy had nothing to do with threats to peace or the support of allies. At most, it was a cheap show of force, a low-budget bit of Awacs rattling and carrier diplomacy meant to shore up a politically infirm government in Washington rather than a shaky state abroad. At least, it did not backfire.

Wurst vs. Missiles

Hans-Jochen Vogel, the Social Democratic Party (S.P.D.) standard-bearer in West Germany's March 6 elections, said it all—or almost all. When the incumbent Christian Democrats (C.D.U.) brazenly warned business to wait for the election results before investing in domestic industry, Vogel said, "That is class warfare from above, and the people won't allow themselves to be blackmailed."

As the campaign draws to a close, it has become clear what four years of conservative Christian Democratic government would mean to Germany. As the party of the business class, the C.D.U. promises legislation to dismantle rent controls, melt the steel industry into two huge private conglomerates, promote nuclear power, lengthen military conscription, limit women's rights and repeal laws protecting citizens from state surveillance.

The great issues in the German elections are class conflict and civil liberties, but the American press has focused almost entirely on President Reagan's zero-option plan for Euromissiles (see Eric R. Alterman's report on page 264). Both the Americans and the Russians have tried to influence West German public opinion; both have based their propaganda on the assumption that a conservative victory would allow the Pentagon to deploy its new Pershing 2 and cruise missiles, while an S.P.D. government (in a coalition, perhaps, with the Green Party) would encourage the superpowers to negotiate an arms control agreement. The stakes are said to reach beyond Germany; Vice President Bush returned from his electioneering full of fears that in military matters, as Germany goes, so goes much of NATO.

While the main issues are domestic, voters are warming to the idea of a *Raketenwahl*—a "missile election." The Christian Democrats have become increasingly hawkish. While Chancellor Kohl continues to hedge his bets (he supports zero option but makes friendly noises to East Germany), other C.D.U. leaders advocate stonewalling the Russians. Party Vice Chairman Volker Rühe has urged the White House to abandon negotiations with Moscow altogether. "Instead of building confidence with the Russians we should rebuild our own reliability inside the Western alliance," Rühe said, and offered a nonnegotiable proposal of his own, under which the British and French nuclear forces would remain independent of the vagaries of U.S.-Soviet arms deals.

All that sits poorly with the S.P.D., whose defense spokesman, Egon Bahr, charged in Beijing in late January that the French and the British want to defend their part of Europe "down to the last German." Party leader Vogel is more deferential to his European allies; he prefers to await the outcome of East-West talks and then decide on a NATO or European strategy.

In these final days of the heated campaign it is hard to predict how the Germans will vote, given the mix of missile and wurst politics. But there is a widespread feeling throughout Europe that more than the fate of one country is involved.

Judge-Made News

The case thus far: Harper & Row and Reader's Digest sued *The Nation* for violation of former President Gerald Ford's copyright of his memoirs. The corporate publishers charged that a news story about events of the Ford Presidency published in *The Nation*'s April 7, 1979, issue scooped the scheduled advance publication of an excerpt from the book in *Time*; as a result, *Time* never published the excerpt and instead published a story about *The Nation*'s story. Federal District Court Judge Richard Owen ruled against *The Nation*. He dismissed our argument that the story fell within the "fair use" permitted by the copyright law and that in any event news cannot be copyrighted. He rejected our contention that the material we reported on in the article (contrary to press reports, we did not "excerpt" the Ford memoirs) was public property

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since Ford had drawn upon notes, memorandums and conversations from the record of his Presidency. In essence, the judge ruled that the content of this President's service in office is private property, as much as a dress suit or a gold tooth. *The Nation* will appeal the decision.

The right to define what *is* news is surely as important as the right to print one piece of news or another. The right of definition has always been left to those who publish; for a judge to substitute his definition of news for that of an editor of a publication is an egregious intrusion on freedom of the press. May a judge (or a legislator or a member of the executive branch) define news in a way that is ideologically or politically convenient? We think that would dangerously subvert the First Amendment guarantees. In recent years there has been much bother about "judge-made law"; is "judge-made news" any less offensive?

Judge Owen, however, literally consigned the First Amendment to a footnote. We believe it is of paramount importance. The Freedom to Write Committee of PEN American Center, which represents 1,700 writers (and which, of course, is acutely aware of the legitimate need of writers for protection of their work), agreed; it endorsed our publication of the article as a "public service" and identified the central issue in the case as "the ownership of the news." That issue was what prompted constitutional lawyer Floyd Abrams of Cahill Gordon & Reindel, and the American Civil Liberties Union, to take our case.

The contest for the ownership of the news was carried out of the courtroom and into the press itself when Brooks Thomas, president of Harper & Row, told *The New York Times* that the decision represented "a great victory for authors." We believe he is dead wrong—and that it is misleading and cynical to confuse the privilege of an ex-President to profit from his office with the right of the press to present information about public events. Far from a triumph, the decision was a severe setback for all authors who did not happen to occupy the Oval Office or otherwise feed at the public trough. They—newspaper and TV reporters, magazine writers, book authors and scholars—must put their reportage and research "on hold" until a President delivers his sanitized version of the public record to the publisher of his choice.

We will have more to say in our next day in court.

Utility Cutoff

The gradual deregulation of natural gas prices that was begun during the Carter Administration has resulted in soaring fuel bills and placed an intolerable burden on the poor. But deregulation has also placed many utility companies in financial jeopardy.

The inability of more and more unemployed and poor people to pay their utility bills means shrinking revenues for the companies. Many of them have faced static consumer demand for the past several years, and so a decline in the number of customers they service could push them to insolvency.

In Milwaukee, Wisconsin Gas is in financial trouble for this very reason. Last year, 85,000 households in the city fell in arrears on their gas bills, and disconnection notices were sent to 46,000 of them in April. (In Milwaukee, as in many other cities, utilities do not disconnect customers with unpaid bills until spring.) Wisconsin Gas has asked the state government for help, and legislators are now trying to put together a bailout package.

Utility shut-offs are on the rise throughout the Northeast and Middle West. Service terminations by the Columbia Gas System in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, increased by 28 percent between 1980 and 1982. Similar increases over the same period were reported by Laclede Gas in St. Louis and People's Gas in Pittsburgh; and in Minnesota, Northern States Power had a 40 percent increase in shut-offs.

Although the phase-out of natural gas regulation is a major cause of the rise in gas prices, the Federal government has done little to alleviate the problems it has created for consumers and utilities. Fuel subsidies for the poor, which are financed by a block grant apportioned among the states, totaled about $2 billion in the 1983 budget, and President Reagan has proposed cutting this amount to $1.3 billion in the 1984 budget.

Since the magic of the free market has not produced the fall in gas prices government economists predicted, the number of people asking for help has risen, while the amounts of money they receive have declined. Although up to 20 million households are eligible for assistance, only 6.4 million received it last year. The average payment was $182, which won't buy much in the Middle West and the Northeast, where fuel bills run upward of $1,000 a year. Thirty-two states have cut back on the size of the grants and several others have tightened eligibility requirements.

The figures from Utah tell the story: gas rates increased by 16.6 percent in 1980-81, by 17.7 percent in 1981-82, and by 24.3 percent in 1982-83. In that same period, applications for energy assistance climbed from 23,304 to an estimated 42,000 households. And the average benefit declined from $378 in 1980-81 to $224 in 1982-83. The National Consumer Law Center estimates that in thirteen states, government benefits cover less than 20 percent of needy households' fuel bills, while in thirty-five states, the average household receiving energy assistance will have to come up with an additional $500 to $1,000.

As natural gas prices continue to rise, the prospect is for more utility cutoffs, and this in turn will mean more financially troubled utilities. The states will be forced to bail out the companies through direct aid or by allowing them to charge their customers more. Middle- and upper-income customers will pay either way—through higher state taxes or higher utility rates. They will be pitted against the poor, and a nasty political fight could be touched off. Unless more Federal aid is forthcoming, there is real danger of a breakdown in public services, and an even colder winter for a lot more people next year.

JAMES RIDGEWAY

James Ridgeway writes a political column, with Alexander Cockburn, for The Village Voice *and is the author of several books on energy and the environment.*

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MINORITY REPORT.

CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS

On June 8 last year, President Ronald Reagan addressed a special session of the British Parliament. The only high point of his generally turgid speech was a call for the West to mount "a global campaign for democracy . . . the march of freedom and democracy which will leave Marxism-Leninism on the ash heap of history." This shot, which the President intended to be heard around the world, was drowned out by other volleys. In June 1982, after all, Generals Galtieri and Sharon, both of them pals and parasites of the Reagan Administration, were giving rein to their own interpretations of the "free world." But the noises offstage did not daunt the free world's leader. Now, will you welcome please Project Democracy. Since it's going to cost $85 million over the next two years at current prices, there seems every reason to pay attention.

I don't know offhand whether the decision to spend so much public money means that the Administration is confident about its values or insecure about them. Its argument will be, of course, that the Russians spend a ton on propaganda. Naturally, if they do it, so must we. What I can tell you is what's already happening.

For example, Ernest Lefever's Ethics and Public Policy Center recently received $192,145 to run four seminars with "European religious and defense specialists" on "ethics and nuclear arms and arms control." The money came, with a generous allowance of $41,530 for overhead and salaries, from the United States Information Agency (U.S.I.A.). In sworn testimony to the Senate Foreign Relations Committee in 1981, when he was failing his nomination for the post of Assistant Secretary of State for Human Rights, Lefever said of his outfit, "No, no. Our center has never received a penny from the Federal government." Insofar as it carried the implication of principled independence, Lefever's statement was false. I have in front of me a copy of his "grant agreement" with the U.S.I.A., dated September 22, 1982. In it, he libels the European peace movement as Moscow inspired and calls for the aforesaid $192,145 to be spent on the funding of James Schlesinger, Edward Luttwak, Richard Burt, Michael Novak, Joseph Lehman and a few second-rank theologians. Let Europeans tremble! Let Americans tremble, rather, and the list of Europeans whom Lefever hopes to include in his boondoggle. The grant agreement states rather greasily that "we will seek to recruit the most influential European religious leaders and the best American speakers and participants. Top talent cannot be enlisted at bargain basement prices." It appears, all the same, that bargain basement talent can be enlisted at top prices. The American team (above) speaks for itself. I know almost everybody on the British list, and a more bedraggled group of dank reactionaries and failed politicians would be difficult to assemble. The only serious man is the Bishop of Exeter, Dr. Mortimer, and he has been dead for at least four years. The French and German names are not much better.

If you think that Ernest Lefever is value for money, you should see the other treats in store for your unenlightened European brothers and sisters. The Claremont Institute for the Study of Statesmanship and Political Philosophy, an obscure group in California, has received more than $400,000 from the U.S.I.A. A letter to Robert Reilly of the agency from Claremont's president, Peter Schramm, gives us an indication of the marketing values involved. The guests from overseas (all of them mediocre conservatives):

> will read speeches and essays by: James Madison, Alexander Hamilton, John Adams, Abraham Lincoln, Alfred Mahan, Theodore Roosevelt, Calvin Coolidge among others. In short, not only will the participants have the opportunity of studying America; but they will study in America. And I believe that once they are led to discover its pith and grandeur, they will be deeply affected.

Swell. There are no Democrats on that book list. Also, it seems a tedious and expensive method of persuading Europeans to read books they should have read anyway. But it gets worse. Last September, the U.S.I.A. gave $169,810 to a seedy outfit called the Mid-America Committee. The purpose of the project was to teach foreign conservatives to manipulate American journalists. You think I exaggerate? The grant agreement reads in part:

> There are types of pressures and constraints commonplace to the US media which do not exist in other countries, and these will be emphasized. The understanding of these differences is essential if the attendees are to learn to handle the media to best advantage, i.e., not defensively but assertively.

Twenty-four "media officials" from Latin America came to Washington last December. They heard lectures from U.S.I.A. staff members, from Voice of America commentators, from the Ambassador of El Salvador and from ultraright and Moonie columnists such as Patrick Buchanan, Stanton Evans, John McLaughlin and Alan Brownfeld. They got to meet Larry Speakes. You paid.

You paid, also, $59,155 to the Center for Education and Research in Free Enterprise. It brought twenty-five young Guatemalans to Washington for a seminar I wish I had attended on "free enterprise and strategic management" to pre-empt the "socialist threat" in their unhappy country.

You footed the bill, too, to assist the National Strategy Information Center in its self-appointed task of sending American "social democrats" to meetings of the Socialist International. The leaders of the group are listed as Midge Decter, Albert Shanker and Robert Ellsworth. Backup teams include Sidney Hook, Zbigniew Brzezinski, Elmo Zumwalt and William Simon—social democrats all. Agreed total fee: $50,305. How dare Ronald Reagan make us pay to send his hacks to lecture the Socialist International, which has fought totalitarian and fascist forces for years without any help from him? Recently, he counseled us all to remember the Ten Commandments and the Golden Rule. Now, dipping into public purses, he shows once again that he thinks the man who has the gold makes the rules. The people who need instruction in democratic values are, apparently, right here at home.

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THERE HE GOES AGAIN.

Reagan's Reign Of Error

MARK GREEN

(Covering the period October 1982 to January 1983)

Q: "You said it would take a palace coup for you to approve a 5-cent-a-gallon increase in the gasoline tax. Have you changed your mind?"

Reagan: "I don't think that I said it with reference to that. I said that on a general subject of tax increases as such, it would take a palace coup." (Press conference, November 11, 1982)

Truth: Asked on September 28 if he would "flatly rule out any tax increases, revenue enhancers or, specifically, an increase in the gasoline tax," the President said, "Unless there's a palace coup and I'm overtaken—or overthrown—no, I don't see the necessity for that."

Reagan: "The income tax came into being in 1914, and since then the Democrats have cut that tax only once. This cut that we made is the fourteenth time that Republicans have cut the income tax since 1914." (Statement, October 6, 1982)

Truth: According to Joseph Pechman's book *Federal Tax Policy* (Brookings Institution), Democratic Congresses have cut the income tax five times just since World War II—in 1946, 1948, 1962, 1964 and 1965.

Reagan: "The big spenders . . . even drove prayer out of the classrooms." (Televised commercial, October 31, 1982)

Truth: School prayer was abolished in 1962 by the Supreme Court's ruling in *Engel v. Vitale.* The Court does spend money on its own operations, but it uses funds appropriated by Congress.

Reagan: "I want to be fair. Unemployment is 9.8 percent. When we took office it was 7.4 percent. O.K., I'll take the blame for 2.4 percent of the unemployment," if the Democrats take the blame for the rest. (Statement, October 6, 1982)

Truth: If the President wishes to apportion blame on the basis of how much unemployment increased during each President's term, he would be limited to blaming the standard-bearers of his own party. The following figures show the percentage of increase or decrease in unemployment for every President since 1952:

Republicans: Dwight Eisenhower, +3.7; Richard Nixon, +2; Gerald Ford, +3.1; Ronald Reagan, +2.4.

Democrats: John Kennedy, -0.9; Lyndon Johnson, -2.3; Jimmy Carter, -0.1.

Reagan: "My military spending program will come to less than 2 percent of the G.N.P." (Press conference, November 11, 1982)

Truth: According to Secretary of Defense Caspar Weinberger's "posture statement" submitted to Congress in early 1982, defense spending was 5.9 percent of the gross national product. In the 1983 budget it is more than 6 percent; at the end of the President's five-year $1.8 trillion defense buildup, it will reach 7 percent.

Reagan: "Soviet leaders invest 12 to 14 percent of their country's gross national product in military spending, two to three times the level we invest." (Televised speech, November 22, 1981)

Truth: The gross national product of the United States is twice that of the Soviet Union. As mentioned, 6 to 7 percent of our G.N.P. goes to defense.

Reagan: "A propaganda campaign would have you believe these deficits are caused by our so-called massive tax cut and defense buildup. Well, that's a real dipsy doodle because, even after our tax deductions are fully in place, they will barely neutralize the enormous [Social Security] tax increases approved in 1977. . . . Current and projected deficits result from sharp increases in nondefense spending." (Speech, November 16, 1982)

Truth: The tax cut passed by Congress in 1981 will result in a revenue loss of $377 billion from 1982 to 1985. The increase in Social Security and Medicare taxes over the same period will be $78 billion. The only increases in nondefense spending in this period are in the categories of interest on the debt, Social Security, Medicare and other health and pension programs.

Reagan: "Today, in virtually every measure of military power the Soviet Union enjoys a decided advantage." (Televised speech, November 22, 1982)

Truth: In an interview a month later with Independent Radio Network correspondents, when asked, "Looking at U.S. defenses over all, would you trade American forces for Soviet forces?" the President replied, "No."

Reagan: Guatemalan President Gen. Efraín Ríos Montt has gotten "a bum rap" and is "totally dedicated to democracy." (Statement to reporters, December 4, 1982)

Truth: According to Amnesty International, the Ríos Montt regime has "massacred more than 2,600 Indians and peasants" and has practiced "widespread killing, including extrajudicial execution of large numbers of rural non-

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combatants, including entire families as well as persons suspected of sympathy with violent or nonviolent opposition groups."

Reagan: "In the Great Depression, nothing like that [the rioting in Miami in late December 1982] ever took place . . . when the situation was much worse." (Press conference, January 5)

Truth: Something like that did happen during the Great Depression. Farmers sabotaged milk deliveries and food shipments, and many whose mortgages had been foreclosed stood guard on their homes armed with shotguns to prevent sheriffs from evicting them. Strikers in Detroit fought police and company-hired goons. Army troops were required to quell the "Bonus Army March" in Washington, D.C., in 1932. Concludes Mauritz Hallgren in his 1933 book, *Seeds of Revolt*: "There were more disturbances and disorders from 1929 to 1933 than in any other comparable period in the history of the country."

Reagan: When asked what his parents would have thought during the Depression of a $5 billion public works bill, the President responded: "Well, I've always thought that my father, God rest his soul, had the common sense that he would know that temporary fixes wouldn't work."

Truth: In 1935, President Roosevelt created the Works Progress Administration, the most massive "temporary-fix" jobs program in U.S. history. Jack Reagan, President Reagan's father, was put in charge of the program in Dixon, Illinois. According to the President's 1965 autobiography, *Where's the Rest of Me?*, the program worked: "There were no boondoggles in Dixon to speak of under the W.P.A.; parks were created out of brush and swamp riverbanks, bridges over the river, and even a hangar at the new airport. Practically all the unemployed were able-bodied and capable, and they besieged him for chances at working for their keep."

Reagan: "The truth is, thanks to your courage, your patience and your support, we've already accomplished a minor miracle: we've pulled America back from the brink of economic disaster." (Speech, October 28, 1982)

Truth: "My fellow Americans, I've talked to you on a number of occasions about the economic problems and opportunities our nation faces. And I'm prepared to tell you, it's a hell of a mess. . . . We aren't connected to the press room now yet, are we?" (Reagan, warm-up for radio broadcast, November 20, 1982)

ARTICLES.

THE I.N.F. TALKS

An Alternative To Zero Option

ERIC R. ALTERMAN

When the intermediate nuclear force (I.N.F.) negotiations resumed in Geneva in late January, the Administration was still divided over the fundamental value of the disarmament process itself. On one side, a powerful faction of the national security apparatus—centered in Caspar Weinberger's Department of Defense—is irreversibly opposed to any politically achievable arms control agreement with the Russians. They say it would prevent the deployment of 464 ground-launched cruise missiles (GLCMs) and 108 Pershing 2 intermediate-range missiles in December and would codify what they consider to be a grossly inequitable European military balance in favor of the Russians. These Defense Department militants insist that the missiles are needed to convince the Soviet Union that the United States possesses the power and the will to lead the Atlantic alliance.

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The group's main intellectual force, Assistant Secretary of Defense Richard Perle, has said that a compromise on President Reagan's zero-option plan, which calls for the total elimination of the Soviet Union's intermediate-range missiles, at the I.N.F. talks would be akin to the appeasement of Nazi Germany at Munich. He is joined in that view by Weinberger and Under Secretary of Defense for Policy Fred Iklé. William Clark, the President's know-nothing national security adviser, is said to be sympathetic to, if not completely in agreement with, the Defense Department officials.

The no-compromise cadre is opposed by what the press has grotesquely called the Administration's "Kissinger left." Tucked under the wing of Secretary of State George Shultz, this group believes that the President's cold-warrior image is no longer in style and that he must cut a deal with the Russians before the alliance undergoes the trauma of missile deployment. Other "lefties" include Assistant Secretary of State Richard Burt (whose nomination languished in the Senate in the face of the obstructionist tactics of that Neanderthal cold warrior Jesse Helms) and the chief U.S. negotiator at the I.N.F. talks, Paul Nitze. Until his recent dismissal, Arms Control and Disarmament Agency chief Eugene Rostow was also part of this group.

According to reports in the press, the President is undecided as to which faction to back. (Signals emanating from the White House following the Vice President's recent trip to Europe indicate that a policy reconsideration may be on the way. The President said in a speech on February 22,

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"Ours is not a take-it-or-leave-it proposal.") Until he chooses, progress in the negotiations is impossible. Some of Reagan's advisers argue that if the United States conveyed a willingness to compromise on the zero-option plan, Helmut Kohl's chances of being re-elected Chancellor in the March 6 West German elections would be hurt. And Reagan clearly prefers Kohl's conservative Christian Democrats to the increasingly left-leaning Social Democratic Party of Hans-Jochen Vogel. But if the Administration postpones cutting a deal until after the West German elections, it will have only nine months in which to negotiate it. Even if Reagan were fully committed to arms control—and had hidden this by opposing every major agreement proposed by a U.S. President in the past twenty years—it would be extremely difficult to hammer out an agreement by December, when deployment of the missiles is scheduled to begin.

The debate over Pershing 2 and cruise deployment has resulted in one of NATO's greatest crises since it was founded thirty-four years ago. In this heated atmosphere, misunderstandings abound. America's decision to deploy new missiles in Europe has been portrayed by the European left and by the disarmament movement as an attempt to guarantee that any nuclear war would be fought on the Continent. Former West German Chancellor Helmut Schmidt, for example, has recently claimed that he was "never very enthusiastic" about I.N.F. deployment and that he "bought" the idea from President Carter.

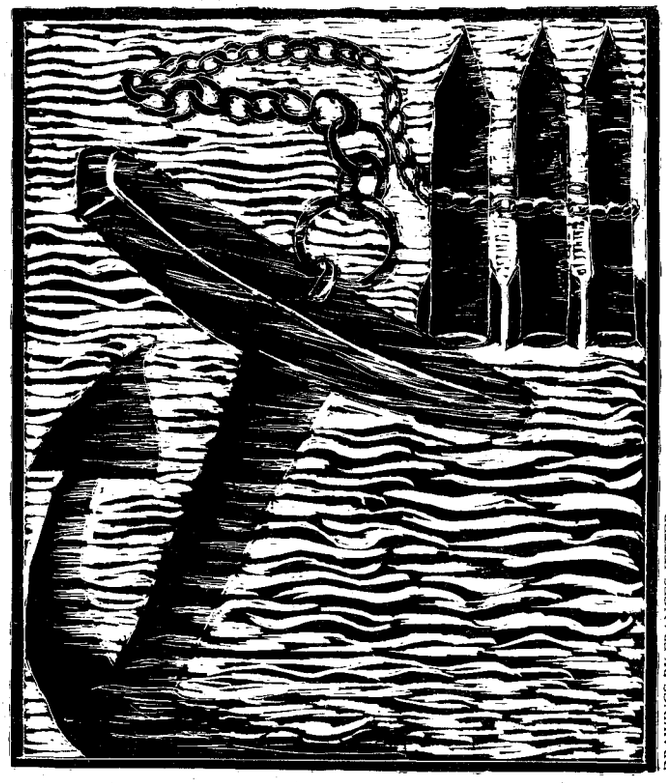
But it was Schmidt, in a speech at London's International Institute for Strategic Studies in October 1977, who first broached the idea of placing missiles in Western Europe to offset the Soviet SS-20 deployment. Schmidt worried that the SALT negotiations did not not consider the growing force of Soviet intermediate-range ballistic missiles (IRBMs). He warned that unless NATO deployed IRBMs of its own, the European theater would become "decoupled" from the American nuclear arsenal and the Soviet Union's weapons would dominate the Continent.

Schmidt implied that fear of the "Finlandization" of Europe was the impetus behind NATO's two-track plan, announced in December 1979. Under that plan the United States pledged to attempt to negotiate reductions in the Soviet IRBMs. At the same time, NATO proceeded with preparations to deploy 572 new missiles by December 1983 should the talks fail to produce an accord. Three years after the announcement of the two-track scheme, only the deployment track seems to be operational.

The Soviet approach to the Euromissile question involves a more sophisticated combination of carrots and sticks than does the West's. The Russians have consistently offered to freeze I.N.F. deployment. The plan presented by Leonid Brezhnev in February 1980 would have frozen SS-20 deployment at a level far below what it is today. Four months earlier he had stated a willingness to "unilaterally reduce the number of SS-20 rockets stationed in the Western part of the U.S.S.R., compared with the present level, provided that there is no additional deployment of medium-range nuclear weapons in Western Europe." Even though accepting this proposal would have been virtually cost-free in terms of the negotiations (the SS-20s had by then been deployed, while the Pershing 2s and cruise missiles existed only on paper), President Carter turned it down. Acceptance would, he said, weaken the resolve of the allies for eventual deployment. In December 1982, shortly after his elevation to Communist Party General Secretary, Yuri Andropov said he would be willing to limit SS-20 deployment in Europe to the equivalent of the combined nuclear arsenals of Britain and France. Both those countries, joined by the United States, rejected the offer as a basis for negotiation. Because of ambiguities in Andropov's proposal—did he mean a reduction in the number of SS-20 missiles or in the number of warheads (each missile is equipped with three warheads)? did he advocate dismantling the missiles or simply redeploying them?—Western leaders said it was impossible for them to evaluate it. But the West's hair-trigger rejection of the offer precluded any exploration of these questions.

In addition to proffering the carrot of flexibility, the Soviet Union has wielded a big stick. In a speech last spring, Brezhnev warned that the deployment of Pershing 2s might force the Soviet Union to put the United States in an "analogous position" of vulnerability to Russian missiles. A Pershing 2 in West Germany could reach Moscow in eight minutes; to put the United States in an "analogous position," the Soviet Union would probably deploy missiles in Cuba—setting the stage for another Cuban missile crisis, with 1983 arsenals.

Even more terrifying is the suggestion made by "a senior Soviet arms control specialist," quoted in *The Washington Post* last April, that to meet the Pershing 2 threat Russia might adopt a "launch on warning" system for its command control, meaning that the decision to fire strategic missiles would be made by computers. More recently, An-



DRAWINGS BY FRANCES JETTER

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dropov hinted he would break off the START talks on strategic arms if the Pershing 2s and GLCMs are deployed. Such a move could set off an unrestrained arms race between the superpowers.

A major stumbling block in all U.S.-Soviet military negotiations has been the proclivity of each side to exaggerate its adversary's capabilities while underestimating its own. Hence the I.N.F. talks have been marked from the start by disagreements over the existing force levels on each side. The United States has steadfastly refused to include the British bomber and submarine forces, as well as the small French air, land and sea forces, in the European totals. The Russians estimate that these include 162 land- and sea-based missiles and 101 nuclear bombers. Furthermore, the U.S. tally omits its own 108 battlefield-type Pershing 1A missiles—but includes the analogous Soviet SS-12s and SS-22s.

For their part, the Russians assume that all A-6 and A-7 tactical bombers on American aircraft carriers are available for use in the defense of Europe, but they don't include their own tactical aircraft in their calculations. The Russians also claim that their offer to dismantle their 260 SS-4 and SS-5 missiles is an enormous concession. Actually, those missiles have been made redundant by the introduction of some 340 new SS-20s. All in all, by U.S. calculations the European nuclear balance now favors the Russians 3,825 to 560. The Russians count themselves behind, 986 to 975. This translates in Soviet eyes to rough equivalence.

A sign that the United States has decided to pursue the negotiations in earnest would be its willingness to include implicitly the British and French arsenals in its calculations. The Russians cannot be expected to participate seriously in discussions that ignore the existence of the British and French weapons aimed at Moscow. As for the Russians, they must accept and account for, in the context of the negotiations, the fact that the SS-20 represents a significant qualitative advance over any intermediate-range weapon currently deployed by NATO. Until both sides make these concessions, progress is likely to be minimal.

Another issue that the two sides must resolve is what would constitute an equitable nuclear balance. The most comprehensive and negotiable proposal introduced at the I.N.F. talks was that presented last September by former Arms Control and Disarmament Agency director Paul Warnke on behalf of the Committee for National Security. The Warnke plan calls for the Russians to dismantle all their obsolete SS-4s and SS-5s, as well as all but 215 of their SS-20s, in return for a U.S. pledge not to deploy Pershing 2s and ground-launched cruise missiles. According to the committee, this would achieve a reduction of 580 Soviet warheads (remember, each SS-20 has three warheads) in return for NATO's cancellation of the 572 single-warhead missiles scheduled for deployment in December. The West (including the French and British forces) would be left with 184 missiles with a total of 544 warheads. The Soviet Union would have only the 215 SS-20s with 645 warheads (and Warnke assumes that approximately half of these would be targeted on Japan and China). The plan also stipulates that arsenals of nuclear bombers, such as the American F-111 and the Soviet Backfire, would be frozen at their present levels. After this interim agreement is implemented, Warnke suggests, the intermediate-force negotiations should be integrated into the START talks.

Warnke thinks his plan could be a breakthrough. It is superior in many ways to the tentative agreement worked out by I.N.F. negotiators Paul Nitze and Yuli Kvitsinsky, which was rejected by both Washington and Moscow. The Warnke plan bars deployment of the politically costly cruises and the frighteningly quick Pershings. Furthermore, it has been tentatively endorsed by the West German Social Democratic Party, which dislikes both Reagan's unrealizable zero-option plan and the Soviet Union's SS-20s.

In Warnke's law offices in Washington, I asked him to compare his plan with Andropov's December initiative. (Richard Perle informed me as recently as February 17 that he thinks Warnke's plan is "slightly worse" than that of the Soviet General Secretary.) Warnke pointed out that nowhere in the Soviet leader's statement did he use the word "dismantle." "If the Soviets are just talking about redeployment," he explained, "we are simply trading a threat to Europe for one to Japan and China." Moreover, he added, because the SS-20s are so mobile, they could easily be redeployed during times of intense East-West tension, which would be highly destabilizing. In Warnke's assessment, the Andropov plan "was not much of an offer," any more than is the Reagan-Perle zero option.

As the concept of a land-based deterrent comes under increasing popular attack both in Europe and in the United States, the replacement of land-based missiles with submarine-based missiles begins to look more and more attractive to military planners. Sea-based missiles are secure second-strike weapons because U.S. submarines cannot be detected by Soviet radar and tracking devices. A sea-based deterrent would eliminate any military advantage the Russians might hope to gain by a nuclear first strike on European territory; there would be no missiles there to take out. The logic of a primarily sea-based deterrent has even been embraced by Helmut Schmidt, who recently told *The Washington Post*, "Sea-based systems would suit our geographic and strategic conditions better" than the GLCMs and Pershing 2s.

A move in this direction would be fully consistent with efforts to reduce NATO's reliance on the "first use" of American nuclear weapons and to transfer a greater portion of Europe's defense responsibilities to the Europeans themselves. By reaching an I.N.F. accord with the Russians along the lines of the Warnke plan, the Reagan Administration could spare the European alliance the deployment trauma it may very well not survive. An I.N.F. accord combined with a move toward a sea-based deterrent could simultaneously denuclearize the European continent and decrease the level of tension in East-West relations, thereby beginning to free Europe from the long nightmare of nuclear holocaust. □

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BEHIND THE EXODUS

Nigeria's Oil Economy Runs Dry

JEAN HERSKOVITS

The expulsion of nearly 2 million illegal aliens by Nigeria is really two stories. One is the facts of the expulsion; the other, how the media have chosen to present them.

The second may be as significant as the first, for it has created a climate for the future that is anything but constructive. The language of condemnation of Nigeria has been extravagant, often of the sort used for gross human rights violations. Highly emotional descriptions have been followed by editorial comments that include personal attacks on President Shehu Shagari, impugning what one paper called his earlier "moral pretentions" in the light of his government's precipitate action.

The South African government and its friends are delighted by these attacks. Though Shagari rarely moralizes, he has vigorously condemned apartheid. He was also outspoken in his criticism of the 1980 coup in Liberia, when Sergeant Doe seized power and had his country's rulers summarily executed. Expelling illegal aliens, however unfortunate, is not in the same moral league.

But the broad charges of inhumanity leveled against Nigeria blur the distinctions. They give welcome support to a persistent view in the West that black Africans are irresponsible or worse—barbaric and somehow racist. Even more welcome to those making that charge are any signs of political instability from Zimbabwe north; best of all would be a setback to Nigeria's democracy, the world's fourth largest.

And in this election year, Nigeria's democracy faces more than a few problems, many of them related to the recent expulsions. In the late 1970s Nigeria's burgeoning oil-based economy served as a magnet in a region where other economies had been seared by a long-term decline in world prices for the agricultural commodities that were their export mainstays. Drought and the spiraling energy costs that were benefiting Nigeria further damaged its neighbors, whose people (mostly young, single males) ventured into Nigeria, at first by the hundreds, then by the thousands.

This flood of people coincided with the culmination of protracted efforts to establish the Economic Community of West African States (ECOWAS). Nigeria had played a leading role in creating it, and successive Nigerian heads of state were committed to seeing it flourish. Of special symbolic importance was the ECOWAS Protocol on the Free Movement of Peoples, which only removed the need for nationals of the member countries to obtain visas for ninety-day visits. Nigeria did not violate that protocol in insisting that those staying longer comply with immigration requirements or leave.

Political unrest in neighboring countries contributed more people to this influx. Chad's civil war (now uneasily ended), which Nigeria had tried to settle from early 1979 on, sent many thousands in from the northeast. Jerry Rawlings's two coups in Ghana, which did not produce governments able to ameliorate the economic plight of its people, sent torrents of Ghanaians in from the southwest. However these people entered—and Nigeria has notoriously porous borders, with or without ECOWAS—they came seeking jobs, and for a time they found them.

Meanwhile, Nigeria was trying to continue its own economic development and revive its own failing agriculture. Nineteen seventy-nine was a heady year, with a newly elected democratic government modeled by Nigerian civilians after the American Presidential system. Even with another OPEC price rise, the "oil-rich" tag pinned to Nigeria was inaccurate, for that wealth had to meet the needs of 90 million people (over 60 percent of West Africa's total population), many of them vocal about their high expectations.

If Nigerians did not welcome the foreigners, and most did not, they were not hostile to them at first. That was partly because of popular support for ECOWAS (Nigeria has also helped its neighbors with cash, commodities and road-building and other construction projects during the last decade). It was mostly because the economy was strong enough to absorb large numbers of immigrants.

As those numbers reached the hundreds of thousands, and as the world recession and other factors brought about the major oil glut that began in 1981, nearly halving Nigeria's revenue, the economy could no longer absorb them. With the economic squeeze came the predictable reaction of hostility toward foreigners. Americans are no strangers to those feelings. Here it has taken the form of a resurgent protectionism, measures to prevent Haitians from entering the country and a search for solutions to the problem of Mexican "illegals."

As the August national elections approach (the Second Republic's first to be held under purely civilian auspices), President Shagari faces an economic crisis. The just-announced cut of $5.50 per barrel in Nigeria's oil price underlines the seriousness of that crisis. It means a break with OPEC, to which until now Nigeria has been rigidly loyal. Weeks ago a *New York Times* editorial stated that a steep drop in oil prices would "drive Nigeria to the wall," necessitating a "rescue." Western bankers still consider Nigeria, whose foreign debt is some $10 billion to $12 billion, "under-borrowed," but if this price cut does not revive oil exports, that could change. For while servicing its long-term debt, Nigeria is barely able to pay for imports, already cut to the bone. Ironically, Nigeria cannot count on a financial rescue should one become necessary. Its default, though serious, would not threaten the international banking system as would one by Mexico, Poland or Brazil, which owe far greater amounts, and so the bankers feel little

Jean Herskovits, who teaches history at SUNY-Purchase, recently returned from Nigeria, which she visits frequently.

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urgency about extending its credit. Indeed, U.S. and European banks will not help unless a massive concessional loan now being negotiated with Saudi Arabia comes through.

To place the expulsion of illegal aliens in the context of Nigeria's economic problems is not to minimize the great hardship suffered by those involved. Nor does it minimize the problems this vast movement of peoples is creating in West Africa, or the fact that such episodes, of which Nigerians have frequently been victims, hamper African economic and political integration. It is not to say that the exodus was well handled on the Nigerian side, though the Ghanaian government's decision to keep its borders closed for eleven days after Nigeria's announcement compounded the miseries of its own returning people.

The plight of the people of West Africa, which grows worse as the nations of the industrialized world fail to solve their own economic problems, is undeniably cause for concern. But the heightened emotionalism generated by that plight has diminished the chance for a rational discussion about its causes. Those in Nigeria and outside who are searching for solutions to the country's difficulties so that further hardships with far wider ramifications can be avoided now find themselves dismissed as apologists for the Shagari government's "brutal" policy. Nigerians see themselves unfairly treated by the Western press, as they were during their civil war, and they become angry and defiant in response. It is a common human reaction, but no more likely than the lack of understanding that generated it to facilitate the trust and creative thinking needed to avoid further suffering in the months ahead. □

BEYOND THE FREEZE

The Nuclear Abolitionists

SIDNEY LENS

Few dissident movements in modern times have become "respectable" so quickly or expanded so rapidly as has the nuclear freeze movement, which was started by Randall Forsberg only three years ago. The demand that both superpowers halt the testing, production and deployment of nuclear weapons has struck a responsive chord in this country—especially in middle America. But now, with its popularity still growing, the freeze campaign faces three problems, one strategic and two political.

The strategic problem is, How can the freeze be made a reality? A freeze resolution came within two votes of passing in the House of Representatives last year, and when it comes up for a vote again this year, it will most likely pass by a sizable margin. But even if it is pushed through the Senate, the resolution is merely a recommendation to President Reagan that he negotiate a joint freeze with the Russians. Since it is not binding, Reagan would most likely disregard it and continue his massive arms buildup.

Congress could get around this Presidential obduracy by cutting off funds for nuclear weapons. But that probably won't happen, because many members of Congress play the nuclear issue both ways: they vote for nonbinding freeze resolutions to woo freeze advocates, and they vote for a bigger, and binding, arms budget to woo the "preparedness" advocates. A proposal to cut off appropriations for nuclear arms introduced by Representative John Conyers last year attracted only twenty-eight votes. Some members who voted against it took refuge in the argument that Conyers's proposal called for unilateral action rather than a *mutual* freeze. Since Congress can't negotiate directly with the Russians, however, and on this issue Reagan won't, Conyers took the only parliamentary course open to him. The freeze movement is similarly frustrated: although two thirds of the American people favor a freeze, they lack the means to force their elected representatives to put it into effect.

The political problems that the freeze presents—assuming it could be achieved—are more subtle. The nuclear arms race has been nurtured by two myths:

(1) War is a practicable way to resolve disputes between the great powers. In other words, we can "win" if we are militarily stronger than our enemies, just as we won World War II with military superiority. In a nuclear age this is a fatal illusion, but it is supplemented by a second conventional wisdom, namely:

(2) We need 30,000 nuclear warheads and a $250 billion military budget this year to deter the Soviet Union from attacking us, as it is their "long-held" plan to do.

We have been conditioned to accept those myths for thirty-five years. Without them the government could not have continued the arms race, could not have wheedled $3 trillion from the American people in the name of "national security." A recent *New York Times* poll shows that 88 percent of Americans consider the Soviet Union "hostile" to us and 71 percent believe it intends to attack us.

The freeze campaign does not challenge these myths, except indirectly. Aside from the people who see the freeze as the first step toward total disarmament, most of its advocates, particularly in Congress, accept the myths that we can't trust the Russians and that nuclear weapons actually will deter them. Although the latter group calls for a freeze *and* a reduction, it concedes that we need "some" nuclear weapons. But if we need some, who is to say how many? In their book *Freeze*, Senators Edward Kennedy and Mark Hatfield speak favorably of reducing warheads by 50 percent (which would still leave us with more than we had in 1970), but they also urge that some of the money saved be used to beef up conventional forces—presumably to counter the "Soviet threat."

The more outspoken wing of the antinuclear movement has been speaking out with greater vigor recently in favor of "abolition"—abolish nuclear weapons, ban the bomb entirely. This wing drew encouragement from the Catholic bishops' draft Pastoral Letter on War and Peace, which

Sidney Lens's latest book is The Maginot Line Syndrome: America's Hopeless Foreign Policy *(Ballinger).*

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brands the mere possession of nuclear weapons a "sin." The bishops hedge their position by saying that the sin was morally tolerable as long as "genuine" efforts were being made to achieve disarmament. A number of them, however, including Walter Sullivan of Richmond, Virginia, and Thomas Gumbleton of Detroit, have called unequivocally for abolition. This is a position that left-wing Catholics like Philip and Daniel Berrigan have advocated for a long time, but until recently most Catholics considered it wildly unrealistic. The "new abolitionists," as they call themselves, number among their supporters *Sojourners* magazine and the Fellowship of Reconciliation, as well as a growing number of lay intellectuals, fifty of whom recently approved an "agenda for non-collaboration" with the government. Among them were George Wald, Salvador Luria, Daniel Ellsberg, Saul Mendlovitz, John Swomley, Noam Chomsky, Marcus Raskin and Jim Wallis.

The prospect of abolishing nuclear weapons is terrifying to many people. "If we disarm, won't the Russians take us over?" they say. These people don't consider the drawbacks of the freeze position. Possession of nuclear weapons by the superpowers, and the acquisition of these weapons by other countries, enhances the possibility of war by accident. And it enhances the likelihood that a "little" war such as Vietnam or an Israeli-Arab conflict will escalate into an all-out nuclear war.

The debate between today's moderates and absolutists resembles the one that took place during the Vietnam War. In the years 1964 and 1965, the dominant force in the peace movement was the National Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy (SANE), then headed by Norman Cousins, editor of *Saturday Review*. SANE urged President Johnson to negotiate a settlement with the National Liberation Front, but it refused to go beyond that position and advocate total withdrawal of U.S. advisers because it feared being labeled "pro-Communist." Indeed, SANE zealously excluded Communists and other radicals from its antiwar demonstrations.

The slogan "negotiate," however, had limited appeal, especially to students. To them, it seemed politically illogical: since the United States had no right to have troops in Vietnam in the first place, what was there to negotiate about? The absolutist forces, such as the Students for a Democratic Society and *Liberation* magazine, demanded that the United States withdraw, and it was around the call for "withdrawal" that the peace movement coalesced.

Today the freeze proposal carries the same connotations of equivocation that "negotiate" had in the 1960s. It concedes a legitimacy to nuclear weapons; it says that we need some of them to maintain a stalemate ("stable balance") with the Russians.

The absolutists argue that the production and possession of nuclear weapons are crimes against humanity similar to those the Nazi leaders were convicted of at Nuremberg, and that the world will never be safe until the bomb is totally banned and war itself abolished. Ideally disarmament would be achieved through bilateral or multilateral negotiations, but the absolutists favor scrapping nuclear weapons unilaterally if necessary.

A year ago such ideas would have seemed bizarre to many people. But the near-abolitionist stand of the Catholic bishops has given them more respectability, and they will undoubtedly receive a greater hearing, especially on the campuses. After all, it is a small step from branding possession of the bomb a "sin" to calling it a "crime against humanity." And whereas sins may be tolerated for a while, crimes demand prevention—in this instance, dismantlement and abolition. Otherwise, say the new abolitionists, we will never have disarmament. We may have some "arms control," some "arms limitation" or a "freeze," but the arms race will continue to endanger the world into the distant future—if there is a distant future. □

U.S. NAVAL BUILDUP

Return of the Great White Fleet

JAMES A. NATHAN

What could be President Reagan's most lasting contribution to the arms race has been overlooked while public attention focuses on the debate over the MX, the negotiations on reductions in intermediate-range missiles and the nuclear freeze. According to present plans, over the next five years a stunning expansion of U.S. naval power will take place. The Navy's share of the Defense Department budget is now just under 40 percent. If the Navy's plans go forward, and every indication from Congress is that they will, the Navy's share of the Pentagon budget will exceed 50 percent by the 1990s.

What are the reasons for this enormous buildup? A major one is the expansion of the Navy's mission. Since the early 1970s, the Navy's cherished goal has been a fleet of more than 600 ships organized in carrier-centered task forces. To reach that goal, 210 new vessels must be acquired. The Navy claims the annual cost will be $12.1 billion between now and 1990. Most analysts, however, think the real cost will be more than $23 billion a year, not including unforeseen upward "adjustments." Less than half of that money will be used to acquire the big-ticket items—aircraft carriers and Trident submarines—that receive so much attention in the press. Carrier-escort vessels—mainly cruisers and destroyers—will eat up 50 percent of ship procurement costs.

In order to justify this vast armada, Navy planners volunteered for new and more ambitious tasks—and the Reagan Administration took them up on their offer. The Navy's war-fighting role now includes not only combating Soviet ships on the high seas but also attacking them in

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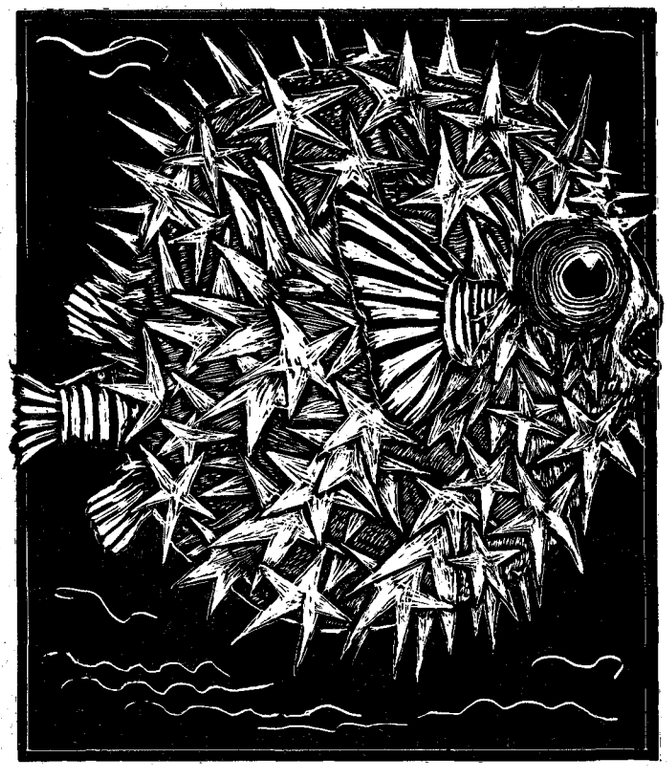
Soviet waters. Under current naval strategy, in a crisis with the Soviet Union, American ships will be sent to bottle up and destroy the Russian fleet in its home ports.

Navy planners point out that 85 percent of Soviet missile-bearing subs and larger "blue water" ships cruise within 200 miles of their home ports, and that the "down time" of Soviet ships is at least 300 percent greater than that of American ships. Therefore, the Navy is prepared to engage them in their home waters. Russian submarines are also stay-at-homes. Because U.S. antisubmarine tracking devices can pinpoint their location on the open seas, the Russians prefer to keep them in the shoals and shallows of their icy coastal waters.

This new war-fighting strategy makes nuclear war more likely. This is because Soviet military doctrine gives highest priority to the "protection of the homeland." Faced with the possibility of U.S. naval attacks along their country's shores, Soviet military planners must design counter-measures, and these will almost certainly include the use of nuclear missiles. In fact, a recent Brookings Institution study indicates that the Russians have targeted at least some of their SS-11 ICBM warheads at U.S. aircraft carriers and escort vessels.

If, as the Navy claims, each task force has an "envelope of safety" with a radius of 800 miles, Soviet Backfire bombers, hunter-killer subs and fast-attack missile boats would be useless against an American fleet approaching Soviet shores. The Russians would be left with two choices. They could launch a nuclear first strike against the continental United States, or they could try to win what Adm. Sergey Gorshkov, commander in chief of the Soviet Navy, calls the "battle of the first salvo" by firing several high-yield atomic airbursts over the U.S. fleet, disabling it. Such a "shot across the bow" would most likely provoke an American reply in kind.



Thus, the Navy's "home-water" targeting strategy is a scenario for hair-trigger nuclear exchanges that could escalate into full-scale nuclear war. And the sea could become a nuclear tripwire.

But that's only the half of it. Last March, the new "Defense Guidance" statement issued by U.S. military planners trotted out a strategy called "horizontal escalation." That is, if the Russians intervene in a part of the world where they have a military and logistical edge (e.g., Iran or West Berlin), the Navy would retaliate where it could bring its maximum strength to bear—blockading Cuba, for instance, or attacking Russian warships on the high seas. Secretary of the Navy John Lehman maintains that such a strategy requires "clear maritime superiority."

In addition to its new missions, the Navy has longstanding duties in the Indian Ocean, the Pacific Ocean, the North and South Atlantic, the Mediterranean Sea and the Persian Gulf. The United States is a party to forty-three mutual defense pacts. The Navy has even argued that to carry out all its far-flung responsibilities it would need twenty-two carrier task forces rather than the fifteen now planned. If the fleet is not expanded from the present thirteen carrier groups, Lehman warns, the United States will have to "commit triage" on one or more of its strategic commitments. He is right—a twenty-two carrier task force is essential if it is assumed that all U.S. commitments in every part of the world are interrelated and equal in importance.

The huge cost of the grandiose naval mission Lehman envisions and the Administration has endorsed has been little discussed in Congress or in the press. And to this cost must be added that of expanding the number of sea-launched strategic missiles. Improvements in Soviet ICBMs that will make U.S. strategic land-based missiles vulnerable are virtually certain by the 1990s, and so the Pentagon can be expected to place greater emphasis on submarine-launched ballistic missiles (SLBMs). Air-launched missiles or bombs are no alternative to land-based missiles. The Pentagon believes that Soviet air space will be impenetrable by 1990, and the Stealth "radar-invisible" bomber will not be operable until the next century. As SLBMs become more accurate and their command, control and communication systems are improved, a sea-based nuclear war-fighting capability will become increasingly attractive to American planners.

That will be expensive. Unlike surface vessels, submarines have a finite service life. The Administration plans to build eighteen Tridents over the next ten years (there are two already in the water), at a cost of $60 billion in current dollars.

The Poseidon and Polaris submarine fleets are now being retired, and if this proceeds according to schedule, the United States will have fewer than 400 undersea missile launchers by 1986, compared with the present 608. To fill the gap, the Navy has called for a speedup in Trident procurement, but that will be difficult to achieve. Although an undersea deterrent makes the most sense militarily, increases in funding for it will be affected by interservice

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rivalry, uncontrollable costs and pressures from U.S. allies. (How, for example, can we ask the Europeans to accept Pershing 2s on their soil if we opt for a nearly exclusive undersea strategic posture?)

Whatever the future number of Tridents, it seems certain that the surface ships the Navy has asked for will be built. In a recent speech, Secretary Lehman said, "Sorry, it's too late to stop. We've got more ships under contract than at any time since the Korean War. So it's not only affordable, it's being done." Lehman explained that he had accomplished this *fait accompli* by "front loading." In other words, contracts have been let, keels have been laid and shipyards have taken on thousands of additional workers. There is no way of aborting the current buildup short of putting the ships into mothballs right after they hit the water.

Considering the costliness of these ships (the cheapest U.S. destroyer now costs $600 million) and their vulnerability to new weapons, mothballing may not be a bad idea. The third generation of cruise missiles, which feature shaped charges, are "stealthed" to evade radar detection and will fly at up to three times the speed of sound. Even the current generation of cruises, which cost less than $1 million each, presents a formidable threat to big ships. Export model cruise missiles can now be purchased on the international arms market. So can West German diesel submarines, which cost only one-eighth as much as equivalent American models; and they are at least as quiet and as hard to detect as any nuclear submarine. Navy planners argue that surface ships have "presence value"—a 1980s version of the Great White Fleets of the turn of the century. But as the Iranian hostage crisis demonstrated, the psychological value of that presence is minimal when the ships must be kept far out to sea for fear that the enemy will score a "lucky shot."

The Administration's emotional stake in naval power is so deep that it seems unlikely these drawbacks will affect its plans. Perhaps the logistical and personnel problems will. Even now there are barely enough tankers to fuel the thirteen-carrier Navy—or enough funds to keep it fully operational and fully staffed. For a 600-ship Navy, at least 80,000 more sailors will be needed by 1990. By then, the population of the United States will be older than it has ever been, and the Navy will have to compete against private businesses for fewer young men and women.

The huge cost of the Reagan Administration's naval buildup is the result of its blind acceptance of strategic commitments without limits. It is time for Congress to start asking the hard questions: What are the purposes of the buildup? How much will it cost? Is it necessary? What is the real price of maintaining such an enormous fleet? Does U.S. national security require, as the Administration claims, a Navy that dominates all the world's oceans?

The current wager on naval power is a dangerous and costly gamble. Desperately needed are moderation, common sense and a hard definition of the purposes and limits of American foreign policy. Alternatives to the Administration's strategic plans should be offered in order to halt the disastrous commitment to naval power. □

Down and Out

(Continued From Front Cover)

what it is like to bear the stigma of lost respectability. As I walked along Michigan Avenue and State Street, shoppers and office workers gave me two kinds of looks: the hard why-don't-you-bums-stay-on-skid-row stare or the furtive there-but-for-the-grace-of-God glance. How many times had I looked at a bum and thought the same things?

It hadn't taken much effort to disguise myself. I omitted my morning shave, I donned a worn canvas windbreaker over a knee-length black raincoat, old running shoes and a stevedore cap, and I walked with a slower gait. Soon I met others of my kind. They—we—seemed to be everywhere.

That first night at the mission, listening to the Bible counselor, who seemed interested only in converting me, I was overpowered by weariness. All I wanted was a bed and a few hours' respite from that world outside. But from the time I joined the line in front of the mission at 5 P.M. until I was assigned a cot, five hours elapsed.

After being "saved" by my counselor, I was led to the prayer room. Seated on the hard chairs were about 200 of America's unofficial missing persons. There were winos, the insane, the unemployed, the depressed, Vietnam veterans, the new poor. The majority were black. They sat slumped in silence. Large maroon signs bearing Biblical verses were hung on the walls. Until 9 P.M., we were subjected to sermons from a team of well-dressed evangelists who quoted Matthew 14 this and Luke 21 that. They were from a suburban church, one of them told us. They knew full well that "Satan is out there and wants to take us to the bottom of the barrel."

The men in the audience, who had already reached the bottom, listened impassively. After the sermons it was "testimony time." We were exhorted to "rise up and tell what's in your heart." About a dozen hands were raised, and one penitent after another stood up and either testified that Jesus loved him or renounced Satan on the spot. Then a guitar player walked onstage and asked everyone to join him in singing "When the Roll Is Called Up Yonder."

Up yonder, as far as I was concerned, was the second-floor dormitory, where my cot awaited. After the hymn, and after being frisked at the bottom of the stairway, we were taken to the Promised Land. As a "first-timer," I qualified for a bed; most of the regulars had to take their chances on floor space being available.

"Seven-A, take your hanger," the guard at the desk ordered. It took me a moment to remember that I was 7-A—that I had been assigned to the seventh cot from the wall, row A. I had been staring at the ranks of cots and the men walking to them, at last able to lie down after five hours of Biblegab. I took the hanger. "Get your clothes off and leave them in the hot box," the guard said. "Then get in the shower. It's down there."

Colman McCarthy is a syndicated columnist with The Washington Post *Writers Group and a* Post *staff writer.*

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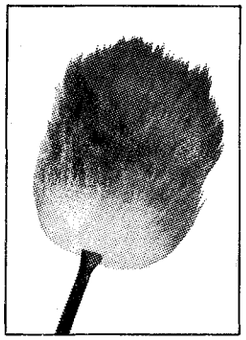
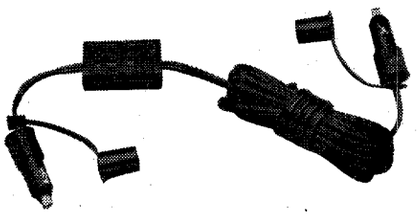


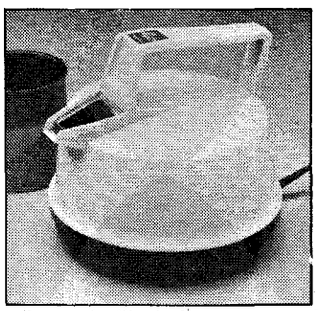
Attract Dust Like A Magnet

If we ever compile a book on *The Old Ways That Were Better Ways,* we will certainly include a chapter on the lambswool duster. This remarkable implement originated, the best we can tell, in 19th-century England where it quickly put the feather-duster to shame. On its own it actually attracts and holds dust like a magnet. The static charge in the lambswool causes dust literally to leap off surfaces where it has accumulated, making this just the thing for dusting bric-a-brac, china, crystal, pictures and other fragile items. When soiled, just wash it in warm soapy water. We are happy to offer a 20" long authentic lambswool duster for **$8.00** ($1.95) #A163.

Beyond Jumper Cables



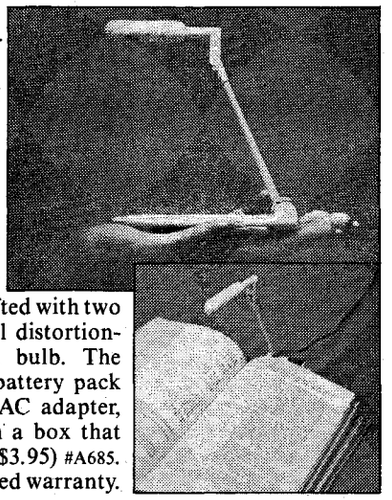
Your car battery is dead. How would you like to recharge the battery and start the car *without ever even opening the hood?* Sound impossible? It's not, thanks to the Easy Charge, which takes the old idea of jumper cables and refines it to a new level of ease, convenience and safety. With traditional jumper cables you have to maneuver a second car fender-to-fender with the disabled car, open both hoods, and attach leads from battery to battery. The Easy Charge simplifies this process brilliantly by substituting connection from cigarette lighter to cigarette lighter. You just plug one end of the Easy Charge into the lighter of a running car, pass the 16′ cord through both car windows and insert the other end in the lighter of the disabled car. A trickle charge immediately starts flowing into the dead battery. After a few minutes' wait the battery is recharged sufficiently to restart the car. The Easy Charge is small enough to fit in the glove compartment. **$20.00** ($2.95) #A629.



Electric Mini-Kettle

How many times a day do you boil two or three (or more!) times as much water as you actually need? Because of the way our kitchen pots are designed, we usually indulge in overkill — wasting money (for the energy to heat all that unused water) and time (the more you heat, the longer it takes to boil). At last someone has had the good sense to design a kettle for boiling small amounts of water, from a tablespoon or so (in seconds) to a maximum 4 cups (in a little over 4 minutes). The UL listed mini-kettle is metal below, plastic above with a steam guard and a cord just under 3′ long. The non-stick inner surfaces discourage mineral build-up. It's backed by a two-year limited warranty. **$24.00** ($2.95) #A603.

Book Light

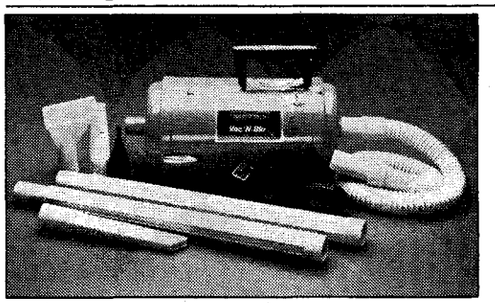


Here's a new tool just on the market that will brighten the life of any bookreader. It is a light that clips right on the book or magazine you are reading, flooding the open pages with a cool strong light ideal for reading. The light weighs just a bit over 2 oz. and is attentively crafted with two swivel joints and a special distortion-free lead crystal optical bulb. The Booklight comes with a battery pack (batteries not included), AC adapter, 8′ cord and spare bulb in a box that looks like a book **$29.00** ($3.95) #A685. Backed by a one-year limited warranty.

Watering Whiz

Now you can water all your plants in a single trip with this handy indoor garden hose. This 50′ vinyl hose comes complete with a set of four adaptors that readily attach to any indoor or outdoor faucet. From there you just take the water where you want it — an easy-control handle allows you to turn a splashless stream of water on and off as needed. It comes with a snap-in misting attachment, so after you water the roots you can spray the foliage. **$11.00** ($1.95) #A681.

All Purpose Vac-N-Blo



All vacuum cleaners are portable in the sense that they can be maneuvered quite easily from room to room. But when it comes to stairs, cars, garages and outdoor uses the conventional vacuum cleaner loses much of its portability. Here is a different breed of indoor/outdoor vacuum. The Metro Vac-n-Blo slips right over your shoulder, weighs less than 10 pounds and will go practically anywhere. Attach to one end and you have a vacuum with suction stronger than some full size canister machines. Attach to the other end and you a 200 mph blower for cleaning walks and gutters and other outdoor jobs (there's even an adapter for blowing up inflatables). The Vac-n-Blo unit is made of steel with a permanent cloth bag and comes with a 3′ flexible hose, 2-20"extension wands and 4 interchangeable nozzles. You will need to supply an extension cord. This UL listed Vac-n-Blo costs **$83.00** ($6.95) #512. The American manufacturer supplies a one-year warranty. For more convenient indoor use, there is a conversion kit with a 3-wheel roll-around dolly, 3′ flexible extension hose, dusting brush and swivel carpet/floor tool. **$22.00** ($2.95) #A513.

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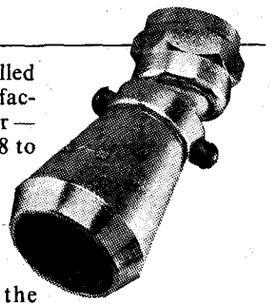
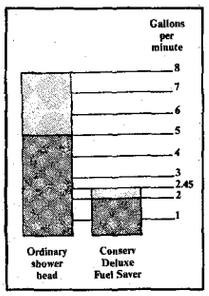
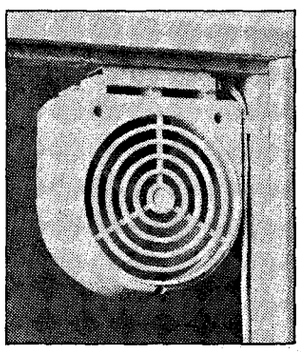
Savings In The Shower



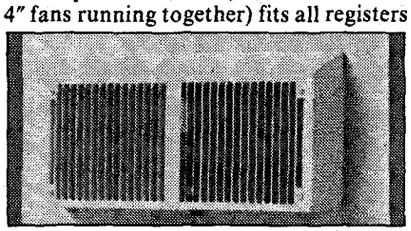
This finely crafted shower head called the Deluxe Fuel Saver, manufactured by Con-Serv, cuts the use of water — hot water — in the shower from 5 or 8 to 2.45 gallons per minute. With the conventional shower head, the average family of four uses 300 to 400 gallons of water — much of it heated — everyday. According to U.S. Department of Energy figures, with the Deluxe Fuel Saver that same family uses 70% less water in the shower and realizes a savings of between $150 and $350 depending on the utility rates. Although the amount of water is significantly reduced, it is aerated and accelerated — utilizing the Venturi principle — for an invigorating shower. The Deluxe Fuel Saver also offers a "trickle valve" that allows you to stop water flow while soaping up. Made of chrome-plated solid brass, the Deluxe Fuel Saver is accompanied by a one-year limited warranty. It installs easily over the standard ½" shower arm with pliers or a wrench — no plumber is needed. We offer the Con-Serv Deluxe Fuel Saver for **$16.00** ($2.95) #A351.



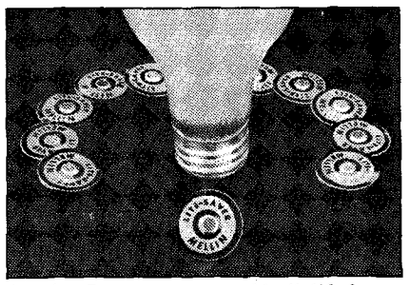
Improve Your Circulation



Good air circulation throughout your home means increased comfort, heating efficiency and uniform temperature. But every home has its problems, whether it's high ceilings, unusually large rooms or later additions. Here are two excellent ways to help *direct* the air and *balance* the temperature. The **room-to-room temperature balancing fan** (shown at left) mounts high in the frame of a doorway (doors can still be closed) where it recirculates warm air down into the room. The ConServ fan has a 110 volt motor with a 10 foot cord and an in-line switch. It weighs just 2 lb. 3 oz. and measures 5½" x 5" x 3½". **$28.00** ($3.95) #A397. The **register fan** (shown below) fits right in the register outlet, sucks heat up the duct and pushes it out into the room. A heat sensor in the switch turns the fan on automatically as the heat comes up (there is also a manual control, which means you can use it in the summer to move the cool air off the floor and up into the room). The booster fan (actually it is two small 4" fans running together) fits all registers up to 6" x 14" and plugs into any electrical outlet. It comes with 9' of cord and costs **$40.00** ($3.95) #A536. You may buy both fans together for the special price of **$60.00** ($6.95) #A667.



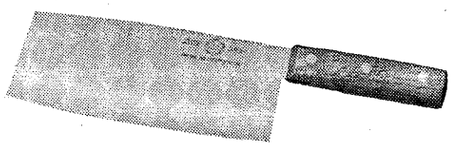
Lite Savers



If you're tired of climbing ladders and getting into precarious (often dangerous) positions to change an out of the way light bulb then you should know about Mellin Lite-Savers. Adhered to the base of any *one way* bulb the Lite-Savers can extend bulb life from 50 to 100 times! Just think of the money saved in light bulbs! Most bulbs have a rated life of 750 hours or 32 days if used continuously. With Lite Savers your bulbs will burn up to 75,000 hours or about eight years if used 24 hours a day. They're ideal for hallways, staircases, or anyplace where replacing light bulbs is a time consuming nuisance. You'll notice that Lite-Savers reduce light output so you may want to increase bulb wattage. They're safe, dependable and install quickly and easily with any one way bulb. The manufacturer offers a limited eight year warranty. We offer the Lite-Savers in a package of 6 for **$17.00** ($1.95) #A548 or 12 for **$27.00** ($2.95) #A549 or 24 for **$49.00** ($3.95) #A642.

Scissor And Slice

Joyce Chen has built an outstanding reputation for Chinese kitchenware that is beautifully designed and expertly made of best quality materials. The Chen scissors and knife will quickly become a mainstay of your kitchen even if you never serve a Chinese dish. The large handles and short blades of the scissors give great leverage and pinpoint control, fit right or lefthanded persons equally well, and are plenty strong enough to cut through small bones, shells and the like. The Chinese knife (often mistakenly called a cleaver) is a marvelously well-balanced implement whose weight does most of the work for you, whether chopping, slicing, shredding, mincing, crushing or even filleting. The knife blade is made of chrome molybdenum steel with a hardwood handle riveted to a full tang. The scissor blades are chrome finished high carbon tool steel with flexible plastic handles. With these implements alone, plus a few ingredients, you can turn a plain old chicken into Fung Wong Gai (Phoenix Emperor Chicken). The Joyce Chen scissors cost **$13.00** ($1.95) #A411. The Chinese knife is **$27.00** ($2.95) #A410.



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The hot box is the room where everyone's clothes are hung for the night. The heat is turned up, frying any lice, bedbugs and other vermin nesting in the rags.

I slept fitfully. Less than two feet separated the cots. Each of us had only a coarse sheet to lie on and a blanket for cover, but the dorm was well heated. On one side of me a recently laid-off factory worker sat on his bed talking aimlessly to anyone within earshot. A guard finally came over and silenced him. On the other side was a gray-haired derelict, a veteran of the street who was asleep within minutes. The din of snores, whisky coughs, moans and shouts was constant. It was like a bedroom in bedlam, filled with men whose torments gave them no peace, even in sleep.

The morning bell rang at 5, two hours before dawn. It was 20 degrees outside, warm for a January day in Chicago. We were given the choice of hitting the pavement or going to the prayer room to hear a sermon. Although listening to the sermon would have earned me a bowl of oatmeal, I chose the street. I walked around until 11, when a soup kitchen run by Franciscans opened. There I lunched on bread and cheese, the latter compliments of the Reagan Administration.

My thoughts had already turned to finding a place to sleep that night. I had asked at the soup kitchen if the Catholic Worker ran a shelter in town. It was on Kenmore Street, I was told, about five miles north. I decided to try it.

Before setting out, I entered the first shop I saw—a liquor store—to ask directions. As I approached the counter, the clerk reached down and, without a word, handed me a miniature bottle of Bacardi rum. I told him I didn't drink, eliciting a now-I've-heard-everything look from him. Pushing the bottle back, I asked for directions to Kenmore Street.

After I'd walked a few miles, I spied a storefront library and went in to rest and warm up. I still had a good feeling about the generosity of the clerk. Perhaps other shopkeepers are like that, I thought. Back outside, at the intersection of Rush and Oak Streets, I noticed a bakery called LET THEM EAT CAKE. (A novelist who used such a name in a story about the homeless would be accused of pat symbolism.) Rather than congratulate the woman who waited on me for the cleverness of the bakeshop's name, I got to the point. I was hungry. Could I scrub the floor or clean the windows—anything—in return for a bite to eat? No, she said. Have you any leftovers? No. Cakeless, I went back into the street and resumed my journey.

At the Catholic Worker "house of hospitality," I was welcomed and invited to have tea in the living room. No beds were available, however, the young man in charge told me, not even for emergency crashing. We talked for a while, and he described the increasing financial pressures on private groups like the Worker in the current recession.

I headed back to the Loop; I probably walked about twelve miles in all, round trip. I was beginning to feel desperate about finding a place to stay. It was snowing heavily. Then I remembered a policeman telling me the day before that if the shelters were filled, one could always go to jail.

I set off to look for a cop but was distracted by a television crew filming the evening rush hour in the snowstorm. I went up to the announcer, a tall, handsomely dressed man, and suggested that instead of wasting his time on a film clip of cars and snow he cover the story of Chicago's homeless. Startled and a bit angry at this criticism, he said, "Where are they?" All over, I answered, but you have to go to them. He and his crew continued their search for the perfect fender-bender.

On a bridge over the Chicago River, two patrolmen approached me. I told them that I was cold and hungry and asked where the city jail was. "You just can't walk in," one of them said. "We'll arrest you first and call the wagon."

They seemed to be genuinely concerned about me. They explained that the judge would release me in the morning; it was routine. "What should we charge him with?" one asked the other. "It doesn't matter. Put down begging." I was reminded of the line in Shaw's *Major Barbara*: "The worst of our crimes is poverty."

That was my last literary reflection of the day. The paddy wagon arrived and, after stopping to pick up another homeless man, it dropped us at the city jail on South State Street. There were a half-dozen cops around the desk inside. They showered obscenities on the prisoners impartially—the cocky street-toughs, the old beggars and the mentally disturbed.

After a frisking—I was allowed to keep nothing, not even my pen or the book of poetry I was carrying—I was led to a cell. Seven of us were crowded into a space meant for two. Half an hour later, a guard bellowed at me and another prisoner to come with him. He took us to a different cell, in which there were only two other prisoners. It was 10 feet by 7 feet. Two thick bare boards extended from the wall and served as beds. There were no sheets, pillows or blankets. A little more than a yard separated the boards and the toilet, its bowl stained with dried vomit and fecal matter. It had no seat and there was no tissue. Urine stains yellowed the wall behind the bowl.

My cellmates said little. One was a 250-pound Hispanic who had been arrested for drunkenness in the subway; another was a derelict—a lean and morose man of about 30, who had been involved in a barroom brawl. The third was a high-strung drifter who paced the floor—what there was of it—breathing heavily and babbling incoherently. His body tremors suggested he was going through withdrawal. When I caught his eye he lurched toward me and snorted in my face, letting me know he wasn't to be stared at.

I wondered about sleeping arrangements. How would we decide who would get the "beds" and who would have to sleep on the grimy floor? The question was half-solved when the Hispanic heavyweight hoisted himself up and lay down on one of the boards. Suddenly, the drifter dropped to the floor without a word. In five minutes he was asleep, and I gained the second board by default.

As I was about to lie down, I noticed that the derelict, who had stretched out on the floor, had no pillow. I offered him my windbreaker, which he accepted with a look of incredulity, mumbling his thanks.

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I lay awake all night, fuming because the jailers hadn't set aside a few cells for people like me, the voluntary arrests who only wanted a bed. Instead they threw us in with the petty criminals who had been caught in the night's dragnet. There were six men in one of the adjoining cages and five in the other. For hours they screamed at one another, asserting their manhood. Sometimes a man would roar his hatred for another prisoner ten cells away. On the rare occasions when the guards intervened, they added their shouts of "Be quiet!" to the general uproar. Through the long night the voices—raging, threatening—never stopped. Once again, the poor were venting their anger at the only available target—one another.

We were awakened at 4 A.M. In the mission, I recalled, the homeless can loll around until 5. After a breakfast of baloney sandwiches, two per person, about 100 of us were led to a small holding pen, to await our appearance in court. While we were there, fights broke out as some of the men settled the past night's scores. After thirty minutes or so, a guard entered and read a list of names. When mine was called, I walked through a corridor to a grubby courtroom. After two hours, at 8 o'clock, the judge arrived, a nattily dressed man in his early 30s. The number of prisoners in the courtroom had swelled to nearly 200, including a half-dozen prostitutes, but in a remarkable display of efficiency—this being Chicago, the city that works—all of us were run past the judge and sent out to the street in a matter of minutes.

I spent the rest of the morning at two soup kitchens and the afternoon in the reading room of the main branch of the public library. Part of that night, I slept sitting up in the Greyhound terminal. Had I found a heating-system grate, I would have tried it. After two nights of receiving the best—i.e., the worst—that society has to offer, I understood why so many homeless people prefer to sleep on sidewalks, in alleys and in abandoned buildings. If Chicago is representative, the homeless have a choice between spending the night in a shelter where religion is crammed down their gullets and spending it in the city jail, which offers them more terror.

Of course, some of the people who refuse to go to shelters are mentally ill. When I talked with them, I wondered if they had lost their minds before they went on the streets or if, thrown on the street through no fault of their own, they went crazy. In a harsh world without love, laughter, children, friendship, work or dreams, the poor are soon reduced to a mass of raw emotions: tenacity, fear, boredom, anger.

Private charity is no solution to the problems of the homeless. At best it buys time. Some have argued that as more people and more politicians learn of the suffering, they will provide help. But the available evidence suggests that politicians will only take action after they have been prodded by lawsuits and public demonstrations.

Some cities do nothing to help. In 1981 the Phoenix City Council instituted a program to clean up "transients and inebriates," the human litter who were hindering redevelopment of the downtown area. The Council passed a law that forbids sitting or lying in streets and sidewalks. There are now more homeless people than ever in downtown Phoenix, and recently the Council relented and issued a permit to a coalition of public and private social service agencies to set up an emergency shelter for 300 of them in a warehouse. One councilman, however, warned that the city would be overrun by masses of the great unwashed. This luxurious new hostelry would make Phoenix "a mecca for every transient in the United States," he said.

That would be fine with Ronald Reagan. The White House is currently ringed with the ragged poor, who sleep on heating grates and pass the day in nearby parks. Reagan's closest neighbor is a homeless woman named Mary, who sleeps a few feet from the guardhouse at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue. Some of the guards share coffee and sandwiches with her, and worry as much about her security as the President's. This sharing is the closest we come to a Federal policy on homelessness. When asked recently if he had plans to help the homeless, Reagan said no. For him, emergency shelters mean tax shelters for the rich.

For many of the homeless, the broken of the Reagan recession, the road back is long; a lot won't make it. Emergency shelters—clean, civilized places, rather than jails and Jesus-talk missions—must be provided for the poor as a matter of right, not civic charity. But even public shelters, which fill up as quickly as they are opened, won't accomplish much if the unemployed can't get jobs, or assistance through welfare or mental-health programs, or financial aid that would enable them to remain in the private shelters they have now—their own homes.

Among Chicago's destitute, I met people who, had they worked in my office or lived in my neighborhood, would have been taken for decent citizens. That they happened to be on the streets didn't lessen their humanity. If anything, each time the rest of us look away, we lessen our own. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS.

Deconstructing the Don

RONALD DE FEO

LECTURES ON DON QUIXOTE. *By Vladimir Nabokov. Edited by Fredson Bowers. Introduction by V.S. Pritchett. Preface by Guy Davenport. 240 pp. $17.95.*

Most American readers come to *Don Quixote* in college, by way of a Spanish-language reading class or a course in the development of the novel, and most, one suspects, do not feel compelled to return to this entertaining but unwieldy monster ever again. Life, indeed, may seem too short to tackle *Quixote* twice, not only because of its length but also because of its apparent lightness and a certain annoying repetitiousness in its action and methods. Readers may also feel that they are familiar enough with the old Don, what with the various works that his exploits have inspired, including films, ballets and an awful musical with a horribly mawkish hit song. Yet in recent years some readers, stimulated by the appreciative comments of various Latin American authors, have been taking another look at the Cervantes classic and finding there many of the elements that enrich today's Latin American fiction—the matter-of-fact fantasy, the mythical and mock-epic qualities, the earthy humor, the extravagant characterizations. As the translator Gregory Rabassa has observed, *Don Quixote* is in many ways a surprisingly modern work.

These wonderfully energetic, typically quirky and debatable discussions by Vladimir Nabokov, taken from the lectures he delivered while teaching at Harvard in the early 1950s, should send even more readers back to *Quixote*. As a teacher and critic, Nabokov tends to look down on rather than up at the great works he discusses; yet he engages us as few commentators do, making us feel that we are actively examining a piece of literature, seeing how it was put together, going to the heart of its author's methods. Nabokov's previously published lectures on literature, with their detailed plot summaries, were criticized by some reviewers for sounding like the lectures of a fanatical pedagogue; I only wish I had had a professor who was as sensitive to the stylistic and structural ingredients of a literary work.

What is most surprising about the *Quixote* lectures is Nabokov's affectionate tone. He himself was, to use his own term, a "good reader," the kind who focuses on esthetic matters, but he was hardly a generous one, and Cervantes is not an author he included in his rather small pantheon of great writers. In a *Paris Review* interview, conducted many years after these lectures were given, Nabokov referred to *Don Quixote* as "a cruel and crude old book" and gleefully recalled "tearing apart" the novel "before six hundred students in Memorial Hall, much to the horror and embarrassment of some of my more conservative colleagues." That destructive zeal is not to be found in the printed lectures, although early on in his remarks Nabokov advises his students not to take the novel's high reputation seriously. The claim that the novel is the greatest ever written he regards as complete "nonsense," and he adds that "it is not even one of the greatest novels of the world." Nabokov does, however, find this "very patchy, haphazard" book unique and significant—not, goodness knows, for anything resembling consistent artistry but for its hero, "whose personality is a stroke of genius on the part of Cervantes" and who "looms so wonderfully above the skyline of literature." Nabokov notes that the Don's "whimsical nobility" can be seen in other fictional creations, in John Jarndyce, for example, of Dickens's *Bleak House* (a book Nabokov held in high regard), while Quixote's particular brand of romantic madness can be found in Emma Bovary. Indeed, throughout the lectures, which analyze the novel in terms of themes and structures and whose sections frequently overlap, Nabokov will point sympathetically to the Don, perhaps to describe, in an inspired Nabokovian manner, a moment of near-lucidity ("a very vague, very secret doubt is forming cloudlike in the otherwise limpid heavens of his madness") or to highlight a particularly effective and affecting speech, such as Quixote's instructions to his squire, Sancho Panza, when he sends him with a message to the ever-elusive Lady Dulcinea: "Observe if she repeats two or three times the answer she gives you and if her mood varies from mildness to austerity, from harsh to amorous. She may raise a hand to her hair to smooth it back, though it not be disordered." "A charming detail, this," Nabokov notes parenthetically.

Nabokov's introductory remarks, in which he warns his students against looking for "real life" in fiction, will sound familiar enough to readers of the previously published lectures. Such an attempt, he suggests, would be particularly foolhardy in the case of *Quixote*, for according to him Cervantes's rendering of Spain is totally false, not only in the descriptions of landscape, which transform the wild, parched Spanish earth into a lush, green paradise, but also in the depictions of people: "With its preposterous inns full of belated characters from Italian storybooks and its preposterous mountains teeming with lovelorn poetasters disguised as Arcadian shepherds, the picture Cervantes paints of the country is about as true and typical of seventeenth-century Spain as Santa Claus is true and typical of the twentieth-century North Pole." Oddly enough, other commentators who possessed a much more intimate knowledge of Spain—Gerald Brenan, Unamuno—thought that Cervantes had perfectly captured the flavor and soul of the country. So resistant is Nabokov to the idea that *Quixote* might possess some social relevance that he even goes out of his way to dismiss any serious implications of the so-called "chivalry theme" (the influence of a ludicrous knightly ideal not only on Quixote but on the Spanish character as well), claiming that although Cervantes "makes a great show of being morally concerned with these matters, the only thing about this chivalry or antichivalry affair that interests him is . . . its most convenient use as a literary device."

Considering his prejudice, Nabokov is wise to concentrate on what he calls "structural devices,"—although perhaps "ingredients" is a more accurate term. He is at his most illuminating, in-

Ronald De Feo has written reviews and short stories for The New York Times Book Review, The New Republic, The Massachusetts Review *and several other magazines.*

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sightful and persuasive in discussing the novel's varied elements: the dramatic dialogues, which he particularly admires ("the natural tone and rhythm of the conversations . . . are marvelous even in translation"); the "inset stories" (individual, self-contained tales told by characters); the surprisingly modern and often overlooked theme of the invented historian; the much-used "mystification theme," in which Quixote becomes the object of heartless and often elaborate pranks. While discussing the form of Cervantes's novel and noting how isolated landscape descriptions are from the action itself, he observes that "it is only in the second part of the nineteenth century that descriptive passages referring to outside nature were integrated, were merged with the story." In speaking of Sancho Panza, he sees him not as Quixote's opposite but rather as another dreamer, "a coarser edition of Don Quixote, the crutch of Quixote's madness, the prop of his delusion." As in the other lectures, there is a plot summary, in this case a very lengthy section devoted to "Narrative and Commentary" in which Nabokov capsulizes the entire *Quixote*, 126 chapters in all. Some readers may find this section tedious, but the "good reader" will appreciate Nabokov's unique focus.

The most delightful and fascinating discussion in the book centers on a fact that some readers may have forgotten: while Cervantes was at work on the second part of *Quixote*, there appeared a spurious second part by one Alonso Fernandez de Avellaneda. Cervantes himself plays with this fake *Quixote* in the second part and actually has an Avellaneda character participate in the action. The whole business—the mirror images, the two Quixotes—whets Nabokov's appetite, which is not surprising considering his own exploration of similar matters in *Pale Fire* and *Despair*, and it stimulates him to suggest a Nabokovian climax to *Quixote* in which the Don battles not with his enemy Carrasco but with the fake Don of Avellaneda's book.

There are times when Nabokov becomes too playful, too inventive. The "Victories and Defeats" section, in which he gives a play-by-play account of Quixote's triumphs and failures in various episodes, keeping score as if the Don were engaged in a tennis match, is tiring and not altogether convincing. And the constant objections to the way physical and mental cruelty are used to generate laughs in *Quixote* seem odd coming from an author who hardly deals in sweetness and light (note, among others, *Laughter in the Dark* and *Lolita*). But we can tolerate Nabokov's ostentation and self-righteousness because he has so much else to offer. At one point in his lectures, he describes Quixote's staying power in this way: "He has ridden for three hundred and fifty years through the jungles and tundras of human thought—he has gained in vitality and stature. We do not laugh at him any longer. His blazon is pity, his banner is beauty. He stands for everything that is gentle, forlorn, pure, unselfish, and gallant. The parody has become a paragon." Here, as elsewhere in the book, the lecturer is not simply a guide but very clearly an artist as well. □

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A Bestiary

DRAGONFLY

Itinerant clarinet
A celesta comb tunes with wings:
Bayadere on the Moor's back,
Amusing a fuzzy crowd busy
In Admiralty Square.

Its flight? Oh, the baggy clown's,
Mooning by day, collapsing at night
In a tiny starpatched sky loft
Where the successive dreams muster
Scimitars, a fanfare of palms . . .

Shrovetide masqueraders
In a mob of selves that others see—
Devil-and-Goat, Eye-on-Broomstick,
Goblin tableaux over dome and cross.
They cannot scare but kill the clown.

One more quiver in that arrow.
Out of its wit, it wobbles, still.
—It's then the ghost appears, high
Over the plot, and on its particulars.
On the membraned leaf.

On the loosestrife's whips.
On the air. On my lips.

SNAKE

Close by the creepered wall,
On the cinquefoil's shaggy border,
He takes the sun, and the unwary fly.
The snake is named Disorder.

This garter's all reversed,
Elastic frayed, the yellow stripe
Of species a dirty, bulging seam—
Precision's antitype.

He's a pile of himself!
Too old, too devil-may-care. And yet . . .
That staring eye and wrap-around grin
Unearth a buried debt.

To what? You back away,
Then turn to cultivate some quarter
Of the garden, sulking rows that say
The snake is named Disorder.

SPIDER

By this time of year asparagus matters
Less than my hill of beans about to wilt
Under the feathery nimbus of shade
Cast by select escapees from the table.
So I set a day to lash them with jute
Against the siren song of their decline
Into next year's growth, then cut back
The useless females, spindly, berry-bobbed
Sorts that would scatter their own kind
And weaken my stock of reasonable males.

One knotted to the paling, two down,
And the third frightens me out of my
Knack for distinguishing trope from type.
(A Field Guide later sets it to rest:
The Nursery Web.) She's made her bed,
All canopied with gauze, and laid in it
Her seasonal sac, burst into a pendant
Fleshpot . . . how many thousand young?
But where one might expect a swarming
Is the calm of form, a tent of Israel,

Magnified smear-slide of reflection
On itself. Watch it, all and each, gather
Its now million-fold strength to do
The same on every spear next spring.
Any chaos small enough to see—canticle
Of white cells run amok, or spinneret
Loops of Zen—undoes the impulse
To destroy it. Here, an eye's measure
Spilling out of itself, like meaning,
Helplessly, the phantom web of signs.

What's the matter? Talk of sibling
Rivalry! The pack of one's peers!
Leaf and limb here clinch on purpose.
She's out of bed now, up on three pairs
Of unshaved legs in hockey knee-socks:
Herself! gawky matrix of this song,
The shape these would-be lives fulfill,
Until I cut the stem. If I do.
What resists my shears is sheer
Conformity. Why not leave it to her,

Suspended on her belief in something more
And more the same, a sunlit protein force
Like constant fire crawling on a wick
Aflicker with the future? Where I would
Not kill, they'll kill a lower class
And serve them up as courtship gifts,
Weave winter tales between iris and aster
That tell me what I do not want to hear,
The old story of spending and begetting.
Why is it what's ugly tells the truth?

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BEES

First to bloom at last
this late spring
the crabapple's a wain
of white the ox
sun is hauling homeward.

Humbles brawl on top,
giddy with syrups,
the rut of work so far
from the wing-lit
hive of their making.

A bent toward folly argues
for intelligence.
They'll break with the past
as with an enemy.
The flowers cry to them!

* * *

Left behind, in clover's
common sense,
a solitary honeybee
plies her trade.
Circumspect, all twelve

thousand eyes are trained
on her needlework:
genetic cross-stitch
and pollen purl.
Her pattern is the field's.

J.D. McClatchy

No. 1 on the Best-Seller List...

MICHAEL L. SMITH

SPACE. *By James Michener. Random House. 622 pp. $17.95.*

Pound for pound, James Michener's achievement as a writer has already been formidable; but in his latest tome, which has topped the best-seller charts for the last five months, Michener sets out boldly to go where few historical novelists have gone before. Ostensibly, his subject is America's first steps toward outer space—from World War II to the space shuttle. Real participants make occasional appearances, but Michener relies primarily on fictional approximations: John Pope, an astronaut as relentlessly wholesome as John Glenn (but whose wife, Penny, becomes the politician); Dieter Kolff, an assistant to German rocketeer Wernher von Braun—just as brilliant as his boss, but far less arrogant and militaristic; Norman Grant, a Senator who is a kind of composite of all the space politicos of the 1960s who rode the manned space program to national prestige while landing hefty NASA contracts for their home states.

But *Space* is less a historical novel than a tract. In part, it is a celebration of space exploration as a glorious blend of science, American frontiersmanship and human curiosity. But more than that, it's an impassioned denunciation of what Michener considers one of the gravest dangers facing post-Vietnam America: the proliferation of an "anti-science movement."

The "science-as-wonder" view is exemplified by a fictional NASA administrator, Stanley Mott. Like Michener himself, Mott keeps a photograph of NGC-4565—"this epic galaxy, this poem of the heavens"—on his desk. Like Michener, he considers the live telecast of the Apollo 11 moonwalk to be "a miracle almost beyond comprehension," "an event of supreme historical importance." When Viking 1 lands on Mars in July 1976, Mott "danced with Carl Sagan in celebration of this tremendous victory." And when Mott asks Dieter Kolff whether asteroid mines and space colonies will really come about, he is assured that the "sweep of history will not allow us to refuse."

Opposing the sweep of history are the anti-scientists, an alliance of fundamentalists, astrologers and "young people who had opposed the war in Vietnam [and] now turned their animosity toward science in general." One of Mott's sons graduates from antiwar rallies to drug smuggling, while the other, a gay draft dodger, returns from Canada and opens a shop dealing in "astrology books, tarot cards, the I-Ching, and cheese-and-wine lectures by gurus from India." Foremost among the anti-scientists, though, is a brilliant charlatan who calls himself Dr. Leopold Strabismus—"Leopold" after Stokowski, "Strabismus" because it sounds scientific (it's the medical term for crossed eyes). A shrewd huckster, Strabismus exploits changing national moods to promote a series of fraudulent businesses. His "Universal Space Associates" capitalizes on the U.F.O. scare by providing inside information on the impending takeover by little green men. Next, as president of the "University of Space and Aviation," he sells counterfeit diplomas to aspiring Strabismi. Then, sensing the "national swing away from learning," he abandons pseudo-science for anti-science. The poised demeanor of a European-educated scientist gives way to the drawl of "an illiterate Southern farmhand," as Strabismus becomes the fundamentalist, creationist leader of the United Scripture Alliance. Barnstorming the airwaves with a pet chimp and the renegade daughter of the pro-NASA Senator Grant, the cross-eyed conductor of mass sentiment becomes a champion of the "know-nothing persecution of science." Americans, he explains, want "clarification, simplification, a return to historic ideals, the safety of the religion their grandfathers knew, cleansed of Darwin and Einstein and all that rubbish."

For Michener, Mott and Strabismus personify the forces of light and darkness. At the end of the novel, Mott articulates the cosmic elitism that permeates *Space*: "The brilliant men and women of his age were pushing back the frontiers of knowledge, and if the gen-

Michael L. Smith teaches history at Williams College. An essay, "Selling the Moon," appears in the forthcoming American Culture in the Age of Consumption, 1880-1980 *(Pantheon), edited by Jackson Lears and Richard Fox.*

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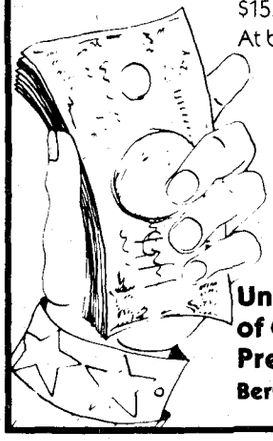
WHO GETS WHAT FROM GOVERNMENT
by Benjamin I. Page



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eral public was unable to keep up, that was a political matter; it must not be allowed to be an intellectual damper on the exploration itself." Copernicus, Galileo and Bruno had met public disapproval, but their ideas had survived. Today, only a tiny fraction of the public might understand the importance of our space projects. But "as in the case of Copernicus and Newton, everyone who ought to know will know."

Michener is right, of course, to castigate those who dismiss all modern science and technology as evil because some aspects of their social application are troubling. But he seems not to see that indiscriminate praise equally misses the point. Like the "graduates" of Strabismus's University of Space and Aviation, Michener is really espousing not science but scientism—a superstitious belief in the power of science and technology.

And Michener is not alone. Ever since Sputnik, public presentation of U.S. space policy has encouraged just such a view. We are continually told that space activity represents the cutting edge of science, the "frontiers of knowledge." But all that orbits is not science. Consider, for example, that by far the greatest thrust of U.S. space policy, past and present, has been *manned* flights, even though, as scientists have been pointing out for decades, scientific objectives in space are achieved far more efficiently and cheaply with unmanned projects. Like Strabismus's chimp, astronauts on the moon were there for their display value—not because they had anything to do with science.

Perhaps, like his creationists and astrologers, Michener simply yearns for the simpler solutions of an imagined past, projecting them into a future when noble astronaut heroes will catapult us into an America free from unwinnable wars, burning cities and poisoned rivers. But Michener's holy war on anti-science targets the present as well as the past—and here the panoramic sweep of his misperception is most apparent. At a February 1981 conference on the history of space activity, he included on his anti-science list the critics of nuclear power after the accident at Three Mile Island. It should be fairly obvious that the substantial body of scientists, engineers and physicians who have criticized the nuclear power industry and the arms race are not simply "anti-science"—that their denunciations are directed at *misapplications* of science and technology by those in control of the decision-making process.

Yet that is precisely what Michener can least afford to see. For when we turn our gaze from the lovely photographs of NGC-4565, the rhetoric of "vast adventure" and "the ramparts of the Galaxy" gives way to what is really happening in space. It is not for those breathtaking images of Saturn that the space shuttle is conducting the nation's first "classified" manned space flights. The truly frightening cross-eyed hucksters among us are not the astrologers, creationists or no-nuke activists. Nuclear physicist Edward Teller, "father" of the H-bomb, which promised to "save us from a nuclear arms race" thirty years ago, visited President Reagan last October to convince him of our pressing need for laser-enhanced nuclear weapons in space. Recently defeated U.S. Senator Harrison Schmitt, the last man—and the only civilian scientist—to walk on the moon, spent his last months in office berating the new Air Force Space Command for being "too reluctant" to develop laser and particle-beam weapons for space combat. Former Defense Secretary Harold Brown estimates that such weapons would cost "on the order of $100 billion," and quite possibly won't work anyway. But his dauntless successor, Caspar Weinberger, is increasing space weapons expenditures even more aggressively than the rest of the defense budget. For these men, outer space is like any other space: an arena for military *machismo*.

In his testimony at the Congressional hearings preceding the creation of NASA in 1958, Wernher von Braun predicted that an aggressive U.S. space policy "will be comparable to the discovery of America." The results of such efforts, he added, were unpredictable—"something for the next generation to worry about." A quarter-century later, we are that generation, and we have much to worry about. In the next few years, we can either negotiate with the Russians—and other future spacefaring nations—to close the loopholes in the 1967 Outer Space Treaty, or we can extend the illusory "window of vulnerability" into the empyrean. However charming Michener's vision of "knocking on the door of infinity" might be, the most important scenario for the human use of outer space is its imminent militarization. And as the Pentagon's veil of secrecy

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obscures an increasing number of missions, "everyone who ought to know" (which is to say, everyone) will *not* know what is being done, or what alternatives are available, unless we brush aside this particular "sweep of history" and monitor the Space Command as well as NGC-4565.

Michener's music of the spheres may be entrancing, but as long as Ronald Reagan is paying the piper, further dancing with Carl Sagan will have to wait. □

...And Nos. 3 and 7

MARY ELLEN BURNS

FOUNDATION'S EDGE. *By Isaac Asimov. Doubleday & Company. 366 pp. $14.95.*

2010: ODYSSEY TWO. *By Arthur C. Clarke. Ballantine Books. 320 pp. $14.95.*

Leave aside the garish paperbacks lining the science fiction racks of the local chain bookstore; science fiction does have its fine works and its classics. Isaac Asimov's *Foundation* trilogy, published in the early 1950s, and Arthur C. Clarke's *2001: A Space Odyssey*, published in the 1960s, are definitely among them, and it's no surprise that their sequels, *Foundation's Edge* and *2010: Odyssey Two*, have been on the best-seller list for months.

Foundation's Edge and *2010* both deal with science fiction's stock in trade: the future, space travel, other planets and unearthly civilizations. But their common underlying question is ancient, pondered even back when people thought the world rested on the back of a giant turtle: Who (or what) runs the universe?

Foundation's Edge continues the trilogy's story of two interstellar societies of the far future, the First Foundation and the Second Foundation, which are vying for control of history. Each society is centered on the Seldon Plan, a mathematical model which predicts the behavior of groups of people over extended periods of time. The Plan was set up by "psychohistorians" in the waning days of a starflung empire to determine the course of history for a thousand years and thereby lead civilization toward a new and better empire.

The First Foundationers are plucky, practical entrepreneurs, who follow the Plan to advance from a community of small-time traders and merchants to a highly organized and technologized interplanetary empire (comparisons to the rise of capitalism invited). The Second Foundationers are priestlike mind-controllers living in secrecy across the galaxy; unknown to the First Foundation, they guide and adjust the Plan. Like the trilogy, *Foundation's Edge* explores the nature of free will and the question of historical determinism. Once again, the First Foundationers go searching, not for God but for the Second Foundation; and not merely to ascertain its existence but to destroy it and thereby assure themselves that their actions are freely chosen and their history their own.

In the trilogy, the manipulation of behavior, the paranoia, the double-dealing and the perception that things are never what they seem created a story full of spy-novel twists and surprises. *Foundation's Edge* starts off promisingly in the same vein but ultimately loses itself in an overly elaborate plot, which introduces a third controlling force with a counterculture flavor, a search for the origins of life on a mythical planet called Earth and the promise of a further sequel which will allow Asimov to connect the *Foundation* series with his other abiding passion—robots.

I wish he had left well enough alone. Asimov may have written *Foundation's Edge* to deflect the heavy club of determinism with which he bludgeoned the First Foundation—and the reader—in the trilogy's surprise ending (I remember my Stalinist college friends in the late 1960s loved it). But in an excess of repentant zeal, he has tampered too much with his basic material; *Foundation's Edge* destroys the harmony and balance of the theme the trilogy so elegantly set up and played out. Though the denouement of the *Foundation* trilogy may have shocked us, at least it made sense. *Foundation's Edge* does neither.

If Asimov is feeling a little apologetic for having denied us free will, Clarke is sticking to his guns. In *2010*, the alien

Mary Ellen Burns is a lawyer and reader of science fiction.

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entities who ran the universe in *2001* are still unimaginably superior to us, and they still haven't the slightest personal interest in the human beings they've created.

Even if you haven't read *2001*, you'll remember the movie, in which a mysterious black monolith that once turned monkeys into Homo sapiens lures an American spaceman to Jupiter, where his computer becomes schizophrenic and he turns into an oversized embryo floating among Louis XV furniture. (This was supposed to signify a giant leap for mankind, though I, for one, never thought that a transformation to a "higher" plane of intellectualized, emotionless energy was a particularly appealing destiny for the human race.)

In the sequel it's ten years later, and a joint American-Soviet spaceship is on a mission to Jupiter to investigate the monolith and the fate of the vanished astronaut. Clarke loves the scientific details of space flight and he fills the book with descriptions of trajectories, vectors, gravity, how suspended animation could work, how engineers think, what the moons of Jupiter look like and so on. All this sets a disconcertingly realistic backdrop for his fantastical visions of the universe's hidden rulers.

These incorporeal beings are Clarke's version of God—they roam through space bestowing intelligence on the life forms of whatever planets they come across. These experiments sometimes work—as on Earth—and sometimes fail. Ultimate success appears to be achieved when a species finally evolves into similar disembodied beings, presumably with a taste for eighteenth-century French interiors.

Like Asimov's Second Foundationers, Clarke's ruling entities need to insure that the creatures whose intelligence they nurture "never know that they are being manipulated." But whereas the Second Foundationers are canny and likable, Clarke's rulers are harshly implacable and impenetrable; his vision is a chilling one, in which flesh-and-blood human beings count for little.

Clarke has some lovely images—sea life on the moons of Jupiter, the spectacular creation of a new sun. But even at his most imaginative he is the complete technocrat. A new sun in the sky means the end of night on Earth. But does anyone miss the darkness? The stars? Not a bit—after all, Clarke notes, it cuts down on electric bills and muggings.

O incorporeal rulers of the universe, won't you deign to save us from this grim science? □

THEATER.

RICHARD GILMAN

A View From the Bridge

A magazine editor once suggested I write an essay called "The Indestructibility of Reputation in the Theater or, Once Famous, Always Famous." We'd been talking about Tennessee Williams and Arthur Miller, neither of whom had, at the time, written even a passable play in years, while their reputations, in the public mind at least, remained constant. In the decade or so since that conversation, Miller and Williams have continued to turn out sorry plays, as has Edward Albee, the three of them forming a triumvirate of world-renowned inept American dramatists.

They weren't always inept, of course. In the first half of his career, Williams produced plays rivaled in our theater only by O'Neill's late work; Albee's first plays were fresh and important. I'm less sure of Miller. *Death of a Salesman* survives as a reasonably effective domestic drama, but *The Crucible* has always struck me as strained and false, as have *After the Fall* and *A View From the Bridge*—which drama of illicit passion in Brooklyn is once more on Broadway in a production that originated at the Long Wharf Theater.

I once had a certain affection for *A View*. The first time I saw it was in 1962 at the Sheridan Square Playhouse, where, after much rewriting, it was being given its first American production since its failure on Broadway some years earlier. In retrospect, though, I wonder if my opinion was unduly influenced by the fact that this production introduced two splendid actors who went on to better, or at least bigger, things: Robert Duvall as Eddie Carbone and Jon Voight as Rodolpho. Even in that less sophisticated theatrical age, the play's shortcomings were evident—its suspect lyricism and equally suspect anthropology, its confused aspirations toward tragedy—but there was something about it that I and others thought rugged and "sincere," qualities which have always been associated with Miller, the Honest Abe of our theater.

Twenty years later I find it hard to understand my earlier esteem. The ruggedness strikes me now as clumsy and simplistic, the sincerity as bathetic. The lyricism, whose chief articulator is the lawyer, Alfieri, seems falser and more sophomoric than ever: "This is the gullet of New York, swallowing the tonnage of the world"; and "I confess that something perversely pure calls to me from his memory—not purely good, but himself purely, for he allowed himself to be purely known." The anthropology, the whole business about tribal memories and mores, is arbitrary and unconvincing.

Miller's introduction to the 1961 paperback edition hints at what's wrong with the play and, indeed, with nearly all his work. He speaks of the "larger-than-life attitude which the play demand[s]," of the "myth-like feeling of the story" and of his hope that through his play we will become able "to understand ourselves a little better not only as isolated psychological entities, but as we connect to our fellows and our long past together."

Miller has always aspired to push his basic naturalism into poetry and philosophy, to make his quite conventional grasp of existence yield up wisdom. A far from mean desire—but he just doesn't have the talent. *A View*, a muddled and textbookish tale of sexual desire, is in no way "larger-than-life," and the effort to make it so is precisely what makes it so melodramatic.

This effort toward grandeur is what makes almost everybody in the cast act so ponderously, as though they've been entrusted with the myth Miller speaks of—or perhaps it's the myth that the play is a great American classic that has them all emoting with such elocutionary zeal. Saundra Santiago as Catherine, Eddie's niece and object of desire; Alan Feinstein and James Hayden as the illegal immigrants; Rose Gregorio as Eddie's oppressed wife; Robert Prosky as Alfieri—they try so hard and so ineffectually to make poetry out of banality.

And then there's Tony Lo Bianco as Eddie. Ordinarily a competent actor, Lo Bianco is astonishingly ham-handed here. The most charitable explanation for the exceedingly odd busyness with which he invests the role—he's forever twitching, hunching his shoulders, swiveling his head, gesturing, hopping—

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is that he suspects its thinness and is trying to compensate with frenetic physical activity. At points the performance struck me as modeled (unconsciously, no doubt) on Henry Winkler as The Fonz: the "Hey*uh*" with cupped hand outthrust, the lifting of the chin in interrogation or defiance. The evening's most embarrassing moment is the phone call Eddie makes to the immigration authorities to betray the illegal immigrants: in the hoarsest of anguished whispers Lo Bianco breathes, "I wanna report something," speaks his piece and then backs away from the phone booth, hands outstretched in horror at what he's done.

Why is the production such a hit? I don't think there's any mystery. Miller's reputation is fixed—once famous, always famous—and *A View From the Bridge* is one of the plays it was based on. Beyond that, a hunger exists among reviewers as well as the Broadway establishment for "hits," especially in a season as empty as this one. "Broadway has found a much needed evening of electric American drama," Frank Rich wrote in *The New York Times*. "Broadway isn't dead," said Pia Lindstrom on NBC-TV; "Hurrah, excellent theater has returned to Broadway," said another TV reviewer; "I was so happy to see this kind of drama coming back to Broadway," said still another. Poor Broadway! Artistically, at least, it's more often injured by its friends than by its detractors. □

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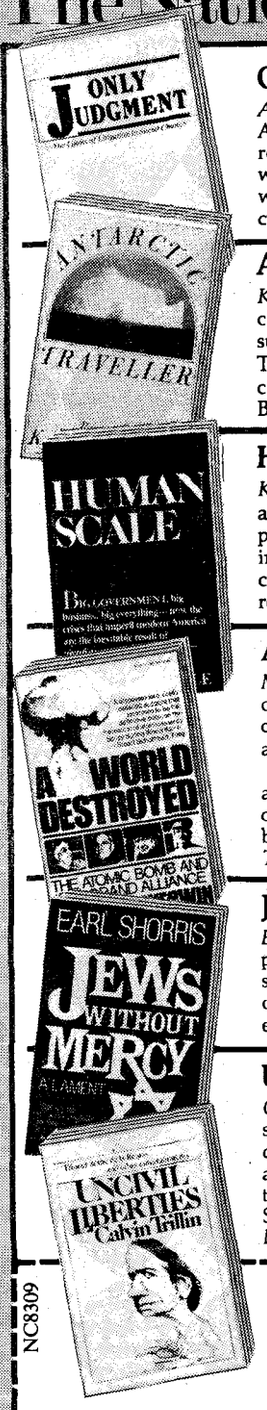

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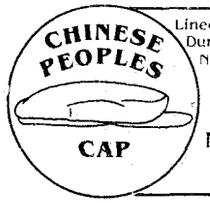

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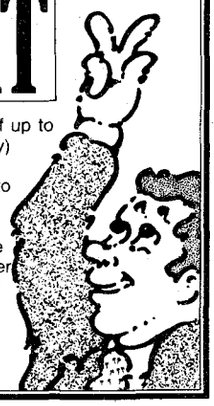

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AUTHOR'S QUERY

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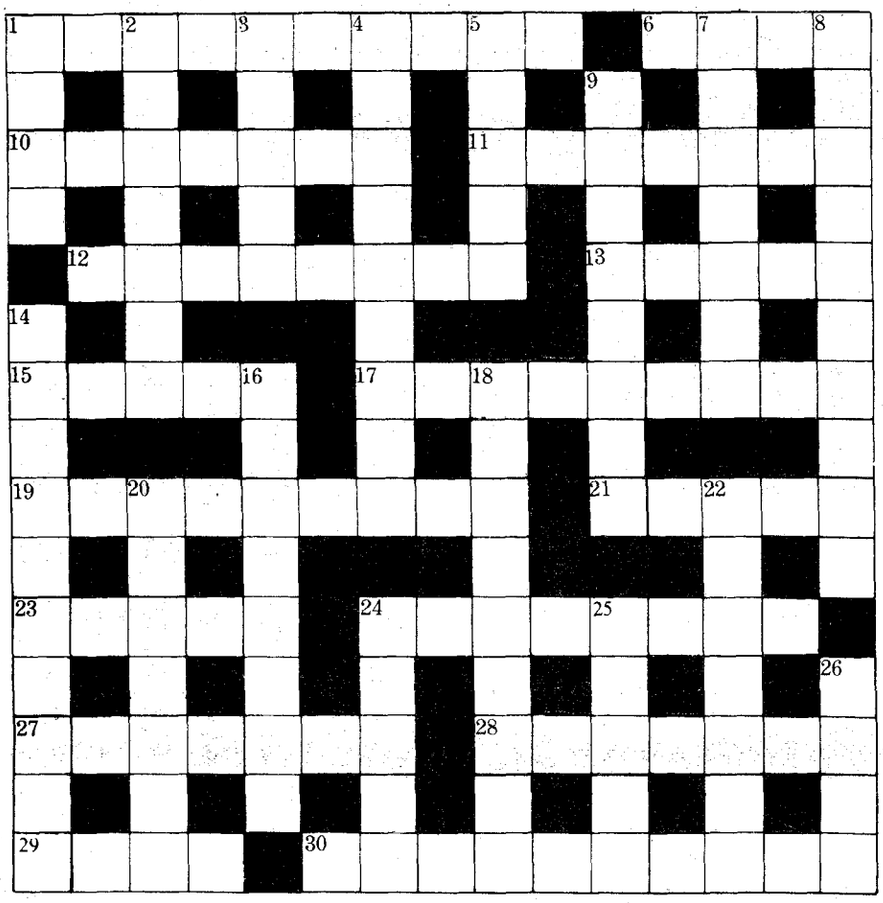
Crossword Puzzle No. 1952

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 At last one might see the line of a retiring person! (3,2,2,3)
6 With a lot of enthusiasm, a singer can make a comeback. (4)
10 A little kid could be found in something described as little and white, but that may be an understatement . . . (7)
11 . . . similar to this, since some is shaken about one. (7)
12 One may have just deserted the ship, but what can hold the sort of far Right? (5,3)
13 The equivalent of ego objectively is something to write about. (5)
15 It's a lot of folderol, but we're all getting it! (5)
17 and 24 What may be involved in reconciling your statement, supposedly a cornerstone of constitutional setup. (6,3,8)
19 He don't? Consider it an example of them. (Could be a close miss!) (9)
21 What the strikers may have done is material. (5)
23 Wilson implied we could be too proud to do so. (5)
24 See 17
27 Has good vibes, nowadays. (7)
28 People of Roman extraction, from pole to pole. (7)
29 What one does in making 9. (4)
30 As a call of danger, X—plenty, e.g., translated. (3,7)

DOWN

1 You could set sail this way—but trouble if one does. (4)
2 Tents might be, or unwanted accompanists. (7)
3 A change of route to attain such space? (5)
4 Bars account for Burt's cost, obviously. (9)
5 In one form I got up and came across an ant. (5)
7 5 is a mixed race, but shows guts. (7)
8 One has to come down, naturally. (10)
9 Suggests one obtains things improperly, but they often require rubber. (8)
14 One might have it put down. (Some old statues have suffered from it.) (4,2,4)
16 Talking about the face on the barroom floor, for example . . . (8)
18 . . . this production is even cornier! (4,5)
20 See 22
22 and 20 Using all the oil up might make this—like a character in a garden of verse. (3,11)
24 He should be able to go deep, like a fish with nothing on. (5)
25 Not-quite-ordinary opera (28 loses a couple of points with it.) (5)
26 A fair one might be a sweater. (4)

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